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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

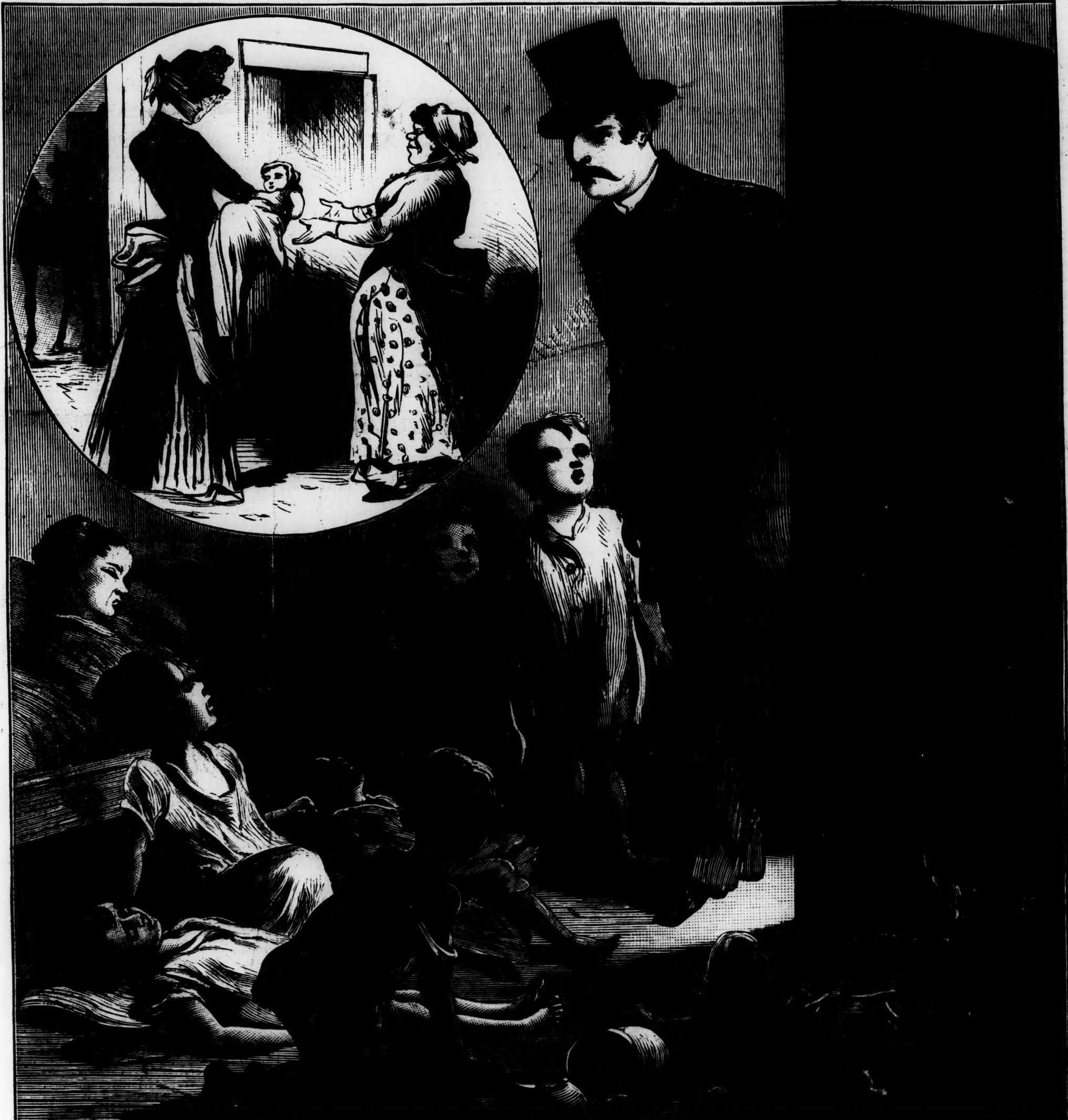
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

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A GHASTLY BABY FARM.

THE VILE DEN DR. ADAMS FOUND AT WESTVILLE, CONN., WHERE TWENTY-SEVEN SUFFERING BABES WERE HUDDLED
TOGETHER LIKE SHEEP IN A PEN.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor if any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscriber's agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

EGGS THAT NEED WATCHING.

It seems there are some peculiar eggs in the market; in the Eastern market especially, and perhaps they have been seen in this State. At this season of the year eggs ordinarily need watching, for they may be of an age not palatable, nor entirely odorless. Everybody knows how to look out for the grocers' aged eggs, which the countrymen palm off on him sometimes as fresh stock. But there is another kind of egg that no honest hen ever deposits, and that are on sale in various places.

The Boston *Globe* says there is on Congress street in that city a small grocery store kept by a neat old maid, and on the counter is a pair of scales, a snow case, brown paper, thread, and all the fixings of a country store. On the shelves against the wall are red tin boxes full of tea and jars and bottles innumerable. In front of the counter on the floor is a large wooden egg case, capable of holding forty-nine dozen when full, white near by it is a small paste-board box, partitioned off into twelve compartments, in every one of which lies a big egg, white and clean as chalk. In fact, they are so very white that a man would at once suspect them of being nest eggs, such as unskilled pullets use for patterns when they begin to lay.

A gentleman who called at the establishment and made some inquiries was invited to try one of the eggs. A little wax was loosened at one end, a straw inserted, and the customer was told to operate as he would upon a glass of lemonade. He declared he was drinking first-rate sherry. Those eggs, explained the proprietor, are made of common glass, and are then filled with various kinds of liquor. The proprietor said they were got up to sell in Maine, Rhode Island and some other places. The demand, he said, was large in Maine, though he found the market good nearer home. "If," said he, "a man is on a train he can just reach down into his gripsack, take out an egg in his handkerchief, put in his straw and pull away without attracting notice. Drummers who have used my eggs say that it is much better than taking out a bottle. It don't draw any attention."

A great deal of liquor is said to be sent into the States where it is not lawful to sell intoxicating drinks in barrels marked "Bermuda Onions," "Cincinnati Hams," and such like deceptions. But this "egg" trade is the latest dodge. Such eggs are a wicked device of the enemy, a fraud on the labor of honest hens, and the nests where they are laid should be watched lest a great brood of evils are hatched. The *Globe* says, "although it is a criminal offence to sell anything stronger than soda water in Maine, yet drunken-men are seen on the streets of the larger towns every day, and judges are kept busy fining people for being intoxicated." It must be that they are using too many bad Boston laid eggs. Boston eggs need watching.

GENERAL PHIL SHERIDAN has received a present from one of his old scouts in the shape of a Utah wildcat. The General is said to be greatly embarrassed by the gift, and is in a quandary what to do with it. As Little Phil is an Irishman, and fond of sport, we suggest that he send over to the Emerald Isle and get one of the famous Kilkenny cats and make up a "scrapping" match between it and the Utah feline. He could not only enjoy a fight of great spirit, but also secure a supply of fiddle strings large enough to last him a lifetime.

Down in Kentucky some wag had named the town Temperance, but now it has been changed to Gold City. A drugstore did the business.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Loudon McCormack and Maud Miller have started on another starring tour.

Frankie Kemble will be a member of Murray & Murphy's "Irish Visitors" Co.

Dan Sully opened his regular season at Newport, R. I., to a packed house. Newport is his home.

Robert Fuller, who goes with the "Bound to Succeed" company, is a brother of Lotte Fuller.

Joseph Holland, whose artistic work at the California Theatre for the past year has evoked so much praise, is to arrive in the city.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera will be simultaneously produced in London, New York, Boston, Detroit, Philadelphia and Chicago.

Robert Fraser has been engaged as stage manager of the Madison Square theatre during the season of Gillette's "Held by the Enemy."

Mr. McLean, the young and handsome novice who is to be Marie Prescott's leading man this season, is in the city and attending rehearsals.

Actors are grumbling at the small salaries offered this season. They affirm that the managers have formed a combination to starve them.

John Howson denies that he has engaged with George C. Brotherton. Harry Peakes takes the place. Mr. Howson is back at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Fanny Herring has just returned from a visit to her son, D. R. Young, at Nantucket Beach, Conn., where he has built a handsome Queen Anne cottage.

* **Last week D. G. Longworth, of Viola Allen's company, was robbed of property valued at \$300 by sneak thieves who entered his rooms in Sixteenth street.**

Eddie Foy has recently arrived in this city from "Frisco, where he has been with Carrie Swain's Co. He is to be with George S. Knight the coming season.

Kittie Marcelius has been winning gold opinions from press and public for her performance of *Yum Yum* in the "Mikado" during an extended engagement in Kansas City.

Margaret Mather has made a great success in San Francisco as *Juliet* and her manager has extended the engagement one week longer, so that she can continue in that part.

Mr. Lester Wallack is a sufferer from sciatica in a moderate form. But it has rendered him somewhat lame this summer, so that he has had to give up his favorite amusement of yachting.

A Brooklyn dramatic writer has brought suit against Henry Irving for \$1,500, which he claims to be the value of two plays left with the actor for perusal and which have not been returned to him.

John M. Hickey is to manage Pauline Markham this season. Clarence Bennett, Laura L. Phillips, J. R. Smith, Lizzie Gale and Randolph Murray are in the support. The tour opens in Boston.

Hicks & Sawyer's colored minstrels opened their season at Washington with a big house on Aug. 23. The company numbers thirty clever colored artists, under the management of Charles B. Hicks.

Gush; or "The Maid and the Cryptogram," an opera by George Fawcett Rowe, and music by A. J. Davis, will be produced by George C. Brotherton at the New Temple Theatre following the run of "The Mystic Isle."

Carver B. Cline will have a "Bunch of Keys" company on the road this season. It will be headed by Flora Moore, who has already won favor in the part of Teddy Keys. A complete hotel set will be carried along.

Gus Williams' company, as complete, contains Topsy Venn, Josie Stauffer, Henrietta Irving, Little Nellie and Emma Pierce, and F. G. Campbell, C. E. Lothier, Jacques Martin, Harry Booker, A. W. Showell, Wm. Hasson, Bert Fisher (agent) and A. Lohman (leader).

The Kiraly Bros. are organizing a company for the road in addition to the one they will have at Nibio's Garden for the purpose of playing in "Sieba" after a few weeks, to be followed by "The Rat-Catcher." Jay Hunt has been engaged for the same position he held last season—stage manager and comedian.

The profession seems to suffer with each recurring disaster at sea or by yachting. The latest horror occurred in Boston Harbor, when six lives were lost by the capsizing of the *Frolic*. Among those drowned were Winslow L. Hayden, the well-known guitar professor, and his sons, Fred and Eddie, aged respectively fourteen and fifteen. Mr. Hayden was forty-seven, and left a wife.

On board the yacht Aeolus, B. Y. C., at New London last week a guest of the owner, Mr. R. K. McMurray and family, were Mr. Jno. T. Malone, who supports Mr. Edwin Booth as leading man next season, Messrs. J. Messenax and J. P. Whitehorn, of Staten Island, and Miss Carrie Harold, of Washington, D. C. Mr. James O'Neill the distinguished tragedian, was also a guest of the Aeolus for a short time. The yacht has been on an extended cruise and is now bound west for Thimble Islands, Rye and other ports between New London and New York.

Lillian Lewis, under the management of P. S. Mattox, opens her second tour on September 9. Mr. Mattox says that "Odelette" will be produced as it has never been before, with spectacular scenic effects, fine costumes, and a strong cast. Miss Lewis has introduced in the second act a duel scene, which she is in hopes will create a sensation. Mr. Mattox has booked all the best one-night towns east of the Mississippi, while dates have also been booked in Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, New York, and Providence. He is now negotiating for a New York opening next Spring, when he intends to put "Odelette" up for a run, and will possibly put on "The Brazilian," a new play by Fannie Aymar Mathews, which is believed to be particularly adapted to Miss Lewis' abilities.

A ROMANCE OF THE RIVER.

The good people of Greenwich, Conn., find plenty of conversation material in a romance which has been brought to light by the arrest of Thomas James, a river thief, now locked up in the village jail. Seven years ago a young fellow of good appearance, giving the name of Richard Berrian, went to Greenwich and got work on the farm of James Morrell. He boarded with the family, and, following a custom which obtains among farmers, was treated more like a friend than a menial. Ida Morrell, the farmer's eighteen-year-old daughter, fell deeply in love with Berrian and he with her. They kept their secret well, knowing that Morrell would never consent to his child's marriage with a man of whose antecedents he was quite ignorant. One day the lovers suddenly left Greenwich, and the girl's heartbroken parents heard nothing more of her until 1885, when they learned that her husband was a criminal and she had died in New York poor and neglected.

About two weeks ago Police Supt. Murray received from Greenwich a concise description of James Morrell's sloop yacht Sarah A. Dexter, which had been stolen from her anchorage and, it was supposed, taken to New York. The precinct commanders along the river fronts were ordered to watch for the missing boat, and vigilance enjoined upon the harbor police. On Aug. 11, a black sloop was noticed loitering off Edgewater. Capt. Smith of the Patrol, was notified and went to look for the suspicious craft. Under the shadow of the bluff she was found. At first the sloop appeared entirely deserted. On her deck were heaps of chains, rope, pieces of canvas, blocks, oakum, and other ship's stores. Hidden under a sail was a man who vainly tried to persuade Capt. Smith that there was nothing wrong. The man described himself as Thomas James of Avenue A. The sloop was the *Willie James*. He had collected his cargo at various points about the harbor, and expected to deliver it to a junkman at the foot of Canal street.

Policeman Quigley was sure that James was a river pirate whom he had arrested before. The rockwicks of a boat towing behind the sloop were muffled with ratlin stuff, and two pairs of oars were marked Philip Dunn. In several places about the yacht the name "Sarah A. Dexter" had been half-efaced in a clumsy manner. Attempts had been made to disguise the vessel by changing her paint, but when Mr. Morrell came from Greenwich he had no trouble in recognizing his property. He confronted James in a police court, but did not recognize him. After James had been lodged in the Greenwich jail, farmer Morrell's son went to take a look at him. He started back in surprise and exclaimed:

"That's Dick Berrian, who married my sister."

SOLD HER FOR TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Mrs. F. C. Kind is the proprietress of a laundry at the corner of Blue Island avenue and Polk street, Chicago. Properly speaking she is Mrs. Ernst Kloof.

In 1871 Anna Young, then in her fifteenth year, was married to Ernst Kloof. It was a forced marriage. The groom was thirty-two years old. They lived together for five years and two children were born to them. In 1876 Ernst left his little family suddenly, went to the Centennial at Philadelphia and was not heard of until the other day.

After waiting five years the wife gave him up for dead. At last a young man named Kind made her an offer of marriage. She gave her consent because she had seen extracts from Eastern papers purporting to show Ernst had met his death at the hands of Lehigh Valley miners, and thus satisfied that she was released, and finding life rather hard, she accepted the hand of young Kind. They were married and their joint savings were invested in a steam laundry. All went well and nothing occurred to mar their happiness until the other day, when a stranger entered the laundry and asked for Mrs. Kloof. The attendant naturally knew nobody of that name and informed him so. The stranger demanded to see the proprietress. The girl called Mrs. Kind. When the latter entered the room and caught sight of the man she fell back in a swoon. When she came to the man asked why she went under an assumed name. Going to her room she returned with a marriage certificate, investing her with a right to the name of Kind. She explained the matter to her first husband, and the following bill of sale was then and there agreed upon between the two, the second husband and Mike Ryan, a saloon keeper, acting as witnesses:

CHICAGO, Aug. 17, 1886.

In consideration of \$200 paid to me by Fritz C. Kind, I agree to give up all claims to the company and person of Mrs. Ernst Kloof, formerly Anna Young.

Signed ERNST KLOOF.

In exchange for this rather novel receipt the second husband handed the first husband five \$20 and ten \$10 bills. Kloof's children failed to recognize him. He kissed them: shook hands with the man who had supplanted him in the affections of his wife, nodded an adieu to the others and left for St. Louis.

BIGAMIST FREEMAN CAUGHT.

Two years ago Joseph Freeman, a well known resident of Windsor Locks, Conn., sold his household effects and went South, leaving a wife and two small children destitute. Subsequently the town authorities received a letter from the South asking about Freeman's standing, and saying that he was paying attention to a woman there. The facts were sent, and a little later Freeman returned and found employment in Hartford, Conn. Last October he married a Hartford woman, and managed to keep the fact of his bigamy secret till two weeks ago, when his second wife discovered the fact. Freeman, on being detected, took a dose of Paris green, but was saved by prompt measures, and is now at the hospital. He will be arrested for bigamy when he gets well. His second wife had some money, which Freeman spent in experiments in machinery.

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE ON A TRAIN.

A fearful fracas occurred on the west-bound Cincinnati express last Wednesday, between Huron and Shoals, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. A desperado named "Dock" Stephens attacked "But" Pierce with brass knucks. The latter gave Stephens warning to let him alone, and when struck threw Stephens down in the aisle and stabbed him repeatedly in the abdomen and breast. Both Stephens and Pierce will probably die. Stephens has been in the penitentiary and is now under indictment for larceny. Pierce is a respectable and peaceable man. Both men were residents of Shoals, Martin County. They had been, with a number of others, over to Huron, where the Davis murder and the lynching of the tramp murderer occurred.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Armed Guards on American Vessels.

The American schooner *Shiloh* was one of the four fishing vessels that put into Liverpool, near Halifax, last week to enable their crews to visit their families. Capt. Quigley, of the *Terror*, would not allow them to land. Armed guards were placed on board, and they were compelled to report at the Custom House. The *Shiloh* put to sea, and arrived at Louisbourg, where she landed a disabled seaman, and was still in port with customs officer on board, but otherwise the crew were enjoying the liberty of the port.

Murdered by Her Lover.

There is great excitement over the forcible abduction and probable murder of Miss Luella Mabbitt, an estimable girl who lives south of Logansport, Ind. Last week Amos Green, a rejected suitor for Miss Mabbitt's hand, drove to the home of the young woman, seized and forcibly placed her in the vehicle, and carried her off. Green returned to his home next day, turned his horse loose and disappeared. Some of the girl's clothes have been found in the woods, covered with blood, and it is feared that Green has killed her in his rage.

A Somnambulist Under a Train.

At a late hour the other night Mrs. Felix Broussard, of New Iberia, La., a lady of one of the best families, left her bed, dressed herself, and left the house. She made her way to the railroad track and seated herself on the rails. When the 3 A. M. west-bound Texas express came along, the engineer saw an object upon the track and sounded an alarm. The train was brought to a standstill, and some of the passengers went to the lady, took her off the track, and left her standing in the street. When the train was again started she sprang forward, and threw herself under the wheels of one of the coaches, which passed over her, crushing her to death. Mrs. Broussard was thirty-nine years of age and was a widow. She leaves three daughters and one son. She had been a sufferer for a number of years from neuralgia, and was also a somnambulist. It is supposed that she was in a somnambulistic state at the time of the occurrence.

Mexicans Smuggling Chinamen.

Acting Secretary Fairchild has received a report from Special Agent Jerome at Tucson, A. T., to the effect that large numbers of Chinamen are continually entering the United States over the Mexican border in violation of the law. The customs inspectors turn them back and do all they can to enforce the law, but, he says, with little success. This is mainly due to the fact that the force is too small to watch the frontier. The matter was referred to Judge McCue, Solicitor of the Treasury, for an opinion as to whether the law affords any remedy in such cases. The provision for fine and imprisonment for a violation of the Restriction Act does not, in Judge McCue's opinion, seem to be practical as in effect it keeps in the country the very persons whom the law proposes to exclude. He suggests that as the violations of law complained of occur through the contiguous territory of a friendly nation, the attention of the Secretary of State be called to the subject.

She Skipped.

Mrs. Katharine Spahr is a pretty eighteen-year-old daughter of a well-to-do hotel keeper, of Corona, L. I. For some time she has received the attention of Casper Concklin against the wishes of her parents. Last week the couple visited Rockaway Beach, but through some accident on their way back they missed the last train from Hunter's Point, and returned to Corona in a coach. It was two o'clock in the morning before they got to Miss Spahr's house. The couple explained their delay, but the explanation did not disarm the anger of her parents. The next night Mr. Concklin made a visit to the home of his sweetheart. He was not cordially greeted, and Mrs. Spahr, it is said, even went so far as to throw a handful of red pepper in his face.

The young woman became very indignant at this action, but immediately retired to her room. The next morning she did not appear at breakfast, and Mrs. Spahr found her room vacant. An open window and a twisted sheet told the story of her escape. She had lowered her trunk from the window and then climbed down after it.

A Chinese Cockroach Battle.

Chinese sporting circles of Chicago, have been greatly excited over a cockroach tournament in the basement of a laundry for three nights. It is the first bug tournament ever held east of the Pacific coast. It has been conducted by some Chinese sports, who left San Francisco three weeks ago with fifty trained fighting cockroaches. It is reported that the San Francisco men have left for New York, having won several thousand dollars from the Chicago Chinese.

Before the insects were pitted against each other they were handled by Quong, who had had experience in this line. With a pair of scissors he clipped their wings, and then, just before facing, greased their bodies. This is done to prevent the insects catching one another, as they will not touch the greased portions of each other's bodies. At a signal the two champions were dropped into the pit. This was a large urn, shaped like a punch bowl and greased on the edges. The first fight was one of the best of the tournament. The two roaches sprang at each other with the ferocity of bulldogs. Just eleven minutes after the fight began the big roach was dead. Just before he died, however, he inflicted a mortal wound upon his slayer. In the last struggle he turned in such a manner that his left foreleg was pulled from its socket, but in so doing he caught his adversary by the throat. The next instant he died, covered with wounds, while the little victor staggered off with a terrible gash in his throat.

Eight battles were fought the first night. The next night four battles were got through with, but they were all desperate contests, and lasted an hour each. On the third night there were eleven battles, and when the tournament concluded the San Francisco Chinamen had nearly all the money. It was reported that the Chinaman Quong, who handled the fighting roaches, had played into the hands of the visitors, and drugged

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity an
Woman's Worse than
Weakness.



Captain Forster.

The dashing looking officer, whose portrait heads this column, is the mashing co-respondent of the celebrated but rather unsavory Dilke-Crawford scandal that caused such a sensation in London a few weeks ago. It is rumored abroad that the gallant Captain and the gay Mrs. Crawford are coming to this country where she is to appear on the dramatic stage.

Fighting Like a Demon.

In Stewart County, Tennessee, about two weeks ago Mrs. Lela Verhaines, of the Indian Mound neighborhood, sued her husband, Wm. Verhaines, for divorce, alleging cruel and inhuman treatment. A short separation preceded the suit for divorce, during which time Mrs. Verhaines stayed at the house of her father, a Mr. Keats. Last Saturday Mr. Keats and his family attended a barbecue near by, Mrs. Verhaines going with them. Verhaines, hearing of this, took a position on the roadside, in the evening, where he knew the Keats would pass. He did not wait long before the wagon came by with Mr. and Mrs. Keats, an unmarried daughter, Mrs. Verhaines and several children. They were stopped by Verhaines, who commanded his wife to get out and go with him. This she refused to do, and he at once opened fire on the party with two revolvers, firing ten shots at them, one of which struck Mrs. Verhaines in the left side, near the heart, and which will probably prove fatal. Another shot struck Miss Keats in the thigh, making a serious, if not fatal, wound. During the firing Keats' team became panic-stricken and unmanageable, placing the party entirely at the mercy of Verhaines. Verhaines was arrested shortly after the shooting, but soon after escaped.

Great excitement prevailed and scores of men scoured the woods for the assassin. Although he was hotly pursued by the mob he succeeded in making his escape until recently, when he was captured at Henderson, Ky., and after a hand-to-hand struggle was behind the bars. The next morning when the jailer went into his presence the murderer seized upon a favorable opportunity to spring upon and struck him a heavy blow with a stick which felled him. The watchman heard the struggle and came to the rescue. The murderer turned at bay and fought both men desperately. He was a powerful fellow and pressed his antagonists so hard that it was necessary to shoot him.

The watchman sent a bullet into Verhaines' head and he succumbed. It was thought at first that he had been killed, but it was found that, although painfully injured, he was not in imminent danger. The ball had entered back of the ear and ranged around to the rear of the skull. The wounded man was handcuffed, given into the hands of an officer and started for the depot. He was followed to the depot by an immense crowd and safely put in a car. The officer in charge of the murderer took a seat at his rear. Verhaines now fell into a heavy stupor. He rested his head on a seat, and, with folded hands and closed eyes seemed to be in a semi-comatose state. No idea was entertained that the wounded and handcuffed prisoner would attempt to escape. The train had nearly reached Guthrie when the apparently half dead murderer made one convulsive spring for liberty through the open window. The leap was done in a moment. The train was running at the rate of 25 miles an hour when the desperate criminal plunged head foremost toward the earth. His guard had not time to make an effort to hold his man before he was gone. A brakeman, who was on top of a car, stated that Verhaines fell on his shoulder. He jumped to his feet, as it totally unhurt, and ran like a deer for the dense woods which lined the road, into which he disappeared. The train was stopped as soon as possible and the guard started to look for his man. He did not find him, and returned to the train. He got off at Guthrie to form a posse and search for the murderer. At the last accounts Verhaines had not been found.

The Girls Were Chloroformed.

Mrs. Catharine Umbach resides at 155 Vail avenue, Troy, N. Y., with her two daughters, Maggie and Katie, and a son, Henry. The Misses Umbach are modest, pretty and ladylike girls in their teens. A few nights ago, while the sisters were in bed in their room, Maggie, the older girl, was aroused by a peculiar sensation. She thought she was suffocating. The lamp had been extinguished, but she could nevertheless see the form of a man leaving the bed. Maggie attempted to arouse her sister, but failed, and then she called aloud to her mother and brother. The man seized her, and, taking a handkerchief saturated with chloroform, held it to her nostrils. She fought the intruder desperately, and broke away and ran to her mother's room.



Lying in wait.

Mrs. Umbach had already risen and was calling her son, who slept in another part of the house. When they reached the girl's room they found the door fastened on the inside. Henry Umbach ran out of doors, and, going to the window of his sister's room, found it wide open. He climbed in and found the assailant gone, the bed tied to the door knob with a piece of cord, and his younger sister unconscious.

The sisters were soon relieved from the effects of the drug, and gave a description of a man who had followed them the preceding evening. The detectives are looking for the fellow who committed the outrage.

His Wife and Mother Both Elope.

Tom Scott, of Coryell county, Tex., had a strange experience last week. He married about six years ago and located in Coryell county. The issue of the marriage was two children, a boy and a girl. Jealousy led to a separation eighteen months ago. It was mutually agreed that the wife should have the custody of the children so long as they remained man and wife in the eyes of the law. Scott moved to Rockwall county, bought a farm and contributed to the support of the children. His aged mother possessed means and lived with a daughter residing in Bell county. He left Rockwall last week to visit his mother and children. On arriving at his sister's home he learned that his mother, who had been courted by one Miller, had been induced to elope with him the night before. Mrs. Scott is sixty years old and her lover aged thirty years. Scott was furious and at once took the trail of the lovers. At Temple he ascertained that they had taken the train for Waco, and followed them there, where all traces were lost. Scott brought to examine the marriage license records, called at the County Clerk's office, and was handed the book of licenses to examine for himself. There was music in the air a few seconds



His escape.

afterward. It was some time before the clerk could ascertain the cause of the examiner's wild profanity. He simply pointed to the duplicate of the license that had been issued the day before to M. H. Hill and Mary Scott, and continued to fret, fume, and swear. It transpires that Hill was the party who had brought unhappiness to his home. Mary was the mother of his children. When composed, Scott sought the office of Justice Sleeper, where the records show that the parties had been formally united as man and wife the afternoon of his arrival. Scott at once filed information against his wife for bigamy, and applied for the custody of the children. He has gone to Coryell county for the children, but it is more than probable that he will find the homestead vacant, as the bridal party took the train south accompanied by a boy and girl answering the description of the children.

SHE CAUGHT THE GREASER.

(Subject of Illustration.)
The other night, at San Antonio, Texas, an American lady was suddenly startled by somebody in her room: she jumped out of bed and caught the sneaking figure of a man who proved to be a Mexican burglar who had made an attempt to rob the house. The Greaser was handed over to the proper authorities.

LADIES LAID ON THE HORSEWHIP.

(Subject of Illustration.)
Quite a sensation was created the evening of August 20th, by the cowhiding of George LaSitter, a member of the military company of Metropolis, Ill. It appears that he has freely indulged in disreputable talk about a married lady, Mrs. Leffingwell and a gentleman, J. A. Fardem. Mrs. Leffingwell and the wife of Fardem called him to account and he, failing to make the amende honorable, received what every one considers a merited castigation. The ladies laid the horsewhip on the shoulders of the slanderer in fine style and it is said his yelling for mercy aroused the neighborhood.

TWO PAIR OF KIDS.

(Subject of Illustration.)
A favorite amusement of the demi-monde at Coney Island is a goat-carriage race between two teams. We illustrate one of these matches this week as an example.

LOVE AND A LADDER.

(Subject of Illustration.)
Lewis N. Mapes, eldest son of Colonel Charles Mapes, of Belmont, Wis., and his bride, Mrs. Molle M. Law, the divorced wife of Dr. A. R. Law, of that place, passed through Galena the other day en route for Silverton, Col., which is to be their future home.

The marriage of the couple was attended by a romance worthy of note. The lady, who is quite young, is a daughter of William A. Garden, merchant of Belmont. Her recent intimacy with Mapes was greatly opposed by her parents, who, since her divorce from Dr. Law, have kept a strict watch on all her movements.

Strategy was at last resorted to by the young people, and at midnight Wednesday last, Mr. Mapes stole his fair one out of the garden by means of a ladder and taking her to a hotel at Belmont the twain were made one by Justice J. Olmstead. A team and carriage were in waiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Mapes set out for Galena.

WOODED BY AN INDIAN MAID.

(Subject of Illustration.)
While on his recent visit to Detroit Lake, Mich., William Penn Nixon, accompanied by his wife, visited White Earth Indian Agency. One morning he was chatting with Agent Sweeney, who was dilating upon the rapid progress made by the aborigines, when an Indian girl dashed up to the door upon a pretty pony, dismounted and, taking the train of her riding habit on her arm, walked into the agency, presented a cer-



Chloroforming his victims.

tificate from a surveyor in regard to fees paid and said she wished a patent for her land.

"Here," said Agent Sweeney, "is a good illustration of just what we were speaking about."

The Indian girl, though a full-blood, made an attractive picture in her bright riding habit, and the editor spoke up, saying:

"By the way, how can I secure some land here?"

"Where do you live?" asked the red girl.

"In Chicago," replied the philosopher of the daily press.

"Oh, then, you'll have to marry me in order to obtain land here on the reservation," piquantly spoke up the maid.

"But I am already married; here is my wife."

"Yes, but she is old; I am young. I hear you can easily get a divorce in Chicago. Come here, marry me, and you can have land."

Her entreaties were so earnest and arguments so strong that the editor was compelled to use his utmost strategy in order to prevent completing the "treaty" with the Indian maid.

HE SWAM THE WHIRLPOOL.

(Subject of Illustration.)
Wm. J. Kendall, a stalwart son of Boston, on August 22 managed to swim the Niagara Rapids. We illustrate the scene.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.

(Subject of Illustration.)
We illustrate this week the scene in the court room in Chicago, when the jury brought in their capital verdict against the seven Anarchists.

REV. GEO. C. HADDOCK.

(With Portrait.)
Rev. Geo. C. Haddock, recently shot dead in Sioux



The double elopement.

City, Iowa, is said to have been a victim of a conspiracy. He had been the prosecuting witness in a large number of liquor cases which had been brought before a local judge, and was a man persistent and pronounced Prohibitionist.

The Washingtons have undoubtedly had hard luck this season. Stag the expression "hard luck." It answers most admirably for "bum playing." Why every club in the League have shut them out, with the single exception of St. Louis, and they are liable to do it before the season is over.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



We print above the handsome face of E. T. Smith, M. P., a very popular and prominent statesman in Adelaide, who recently started the immense Jubilee International Exhibition in that city. Mr. Smith is a noted brewer, and is spoken of as the coming Mayor of Adelaide.

W. H. Wakeman.

In this issue we publish a portrait of W. H. Wakeman, of Newburg, N. Y., the famous runner. Wakeman is one of the fastest runners in New York State, and he has been successful in many races.

C. A. Howe.

Charles A. Howe, it is alleged, is an expert on the skip. He recently ran a photographic gallery at No. 490 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., where he gathered in all the coin he could lay his hands on and lit out, leaving those who worked for him without their money, and about a thousand more to mourn his loss.

J. C. Moon.

Mr. Moon is said to have troubled Miss Olive Thompson, at Corning, Adams county, Iowa, a few weeks ago, once too often. The young lady, it is alleged, fairly jumped on him for freshness. The affair caused considerable excitement and gossip at the time, as both parties are well known all over the county.

Dennis F. Butler.

No athlete is better known than Dennis F. Butler. He is a boxer and has fought successfully in the prize ring, and has won numerous swimming matches. Butler's last victory was defeating Wm. Johnson, the English ex-champion, in a series of best two in three matches for \$500 a side and the championship of the world.

Wm. Johnson.

Wm. Johnson is the champion of Hampstead, Eng., late captain of the Regent Swimming Club. He beat Moody, of Newcastle, 1876; beat Harry Parker, champion of England, Beckwith's Baths, 1880; beat T. Jones, captain of the Elephant S. C.; beat Melbourne, Charlie White, 5-mile champion; H. Combes, Victoria Park, and Bonny Draper, Birmingham. Beat Geo. Cole; beaten by Tom Morris and Harry Coulter. He recently won a 240-yard handicap at Olympic Park in 28 seconds.

Billy Rogers.

Billy Rogers, the proprietor of the Wabash House, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, is the backer of Billy Bradburn, the heavy-weight, and Frank Ware, the champion light-weight pugilist of Illinois, who is considered the best 130-pound light-weight in the Northwestern country. Rogers is from Brooklyn, N. Y., and is somewhat of an all-round athlete and boxer himself. Rogers is one of the most popular sporting men in the northwestern part of the country, and will wager any reasonable amount of money on any square sporting event.

William Fitz.

William Fitz, a leading sporting man of the North Pacific coast, and proprietor of the Bureau, at the mountain railroad town of Heron, Montana, was born at Springfield, Mass., 1858, and at the age of 16 started West, stopping a while at Omaha, Cheyenne, and other live towns of the time, finally arrived at San Francisco in '77. From there he traveled throughout Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, as variety actor, always drawing large houses by the life and soul he put in the singing of the old time Irish songs. He started in the saloon business at Cabinet Landing, on the beautiful mountain-locked lake of Pend Oreille, at the front of construction of the western divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and kept at the front through the rough but wildly grand mountains of the Rocky's with the Palace Saloon as elegant and tasty a place as could be found in any Western city, till the driving of the Golden Spike, when connection completed the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Clarence Whistler, Jr.

Young Whistler, champion Greco-Roman wrestler of the Pacific coast, was born Jan. 11, 1869, in San Francisco, and was one of a family of five boys, all of whom are thorough athletes. Although only seventeen years old and weighing but 120 pounds, Whistler is a thorough athlete, and as such is desirous of wrestling any one of equal weight for either \$250 or \$300 a side. Whistler commenced his career as a wrestler in 1882, when he met and vanquished Muldoon. After this he successfully wrestled with Mike Connolly, Frank Wiley, George Pixley, Young Cannon, H. C. Grant, Harry Morgan, Captain Gaston, Prot. Hardness, Joe Brown, Andrew Watson, Harry Maynard, W. Gibbs and Joe Hamilton, and received forfeit from Tom Amody. Several of these men were met twice and "downed" each time. In addition to his wrestling abilities he is a sword fighter of no mean order, and has fought and beaten several of the lesser lights in the latter exercise.



EUGENE ROBINSON

A WELL-KNOWN MANAGER OF MUSEUMS IN NEW ORLEANS, LA., AND MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

Eugene Robinson,

America's Monarch Museum Manager, was born in Mt. Vernon, Kennebec county, Me. He is widely and favorably known through this country, and is very popular in the sunny South. In New Orleans he has the largest museum in America. He also has a very large and handsome museum and theatre in Memphis, Tenn. He began his career as a showman in 1861, when quite a boy, and since that time has been proprietor and manager of a great many theatres, traveling companies, circuses, etc.

Lillie May Hall.

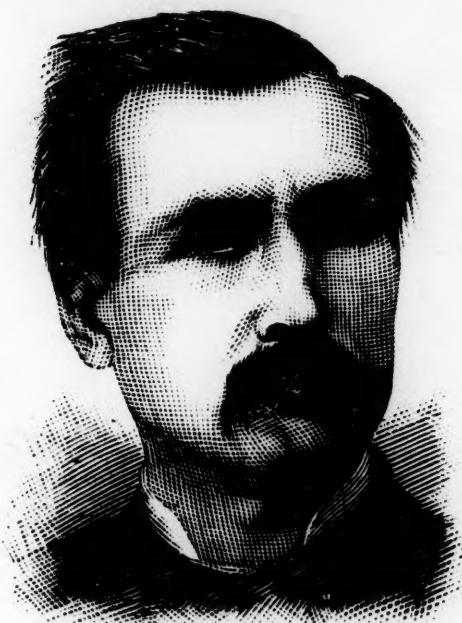
Lillie May Hall, whose picture appears in this issue, is the possessor of a fine soprano voice under good cultivation. She has made quite a success in the past two years in light opera, burlesque, and in many prominent concert halls, both in New York and most of the Eastern cities. The lady is the wife of Gustavus Hall, of the Fifth Avenue "Mikado" company.

MRS. BETSY HEARTT died at Troy, N. Y., leaving \$5,000,000 for her heirs. She was 80 years old.



LILLIE MAY HALL

THE ATTRACTIVE SOPRANO WHO HAS MADE QUITE A HIT IN LIGHT OPERA AND BURLESQUE.



J. C. MOON,

THE MASHER WHO MISS THOMPSON IS SAID TO HAVE DONE-UP AT CORNING, IA.



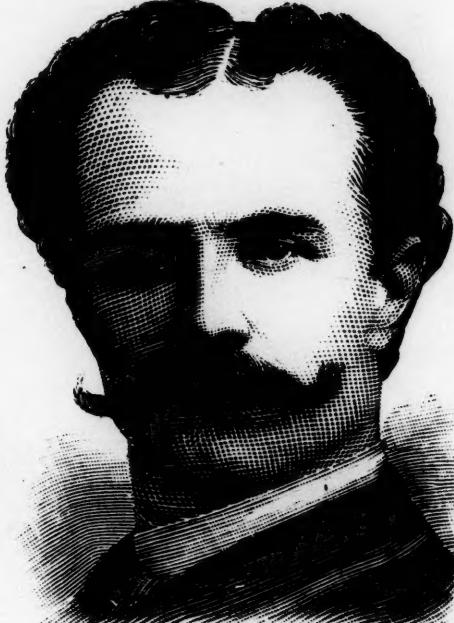
"TEXAS TOM" REDMOND,

THE NOTORIOUS RACE-HORSE DOSEER ARRESTED IN CHICAGO FOR POISONING LIZZIE DWYER.



REV. GEO. C. HADDOCK,

WHO WAS RECENTLY KILLED IN SIOUX CITY, IOWA, BY SOME UNKNOWN HAND.



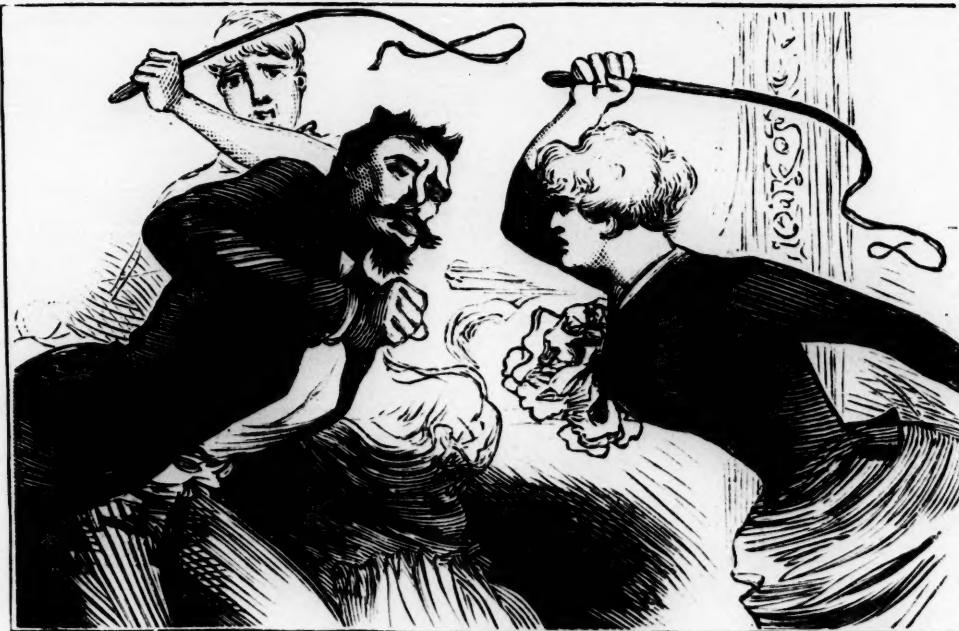
CHARLEY A. HOWE,

A DANDY PHOTOGRAPHER WHO HAS SKIPPED FROM ALBANY, N. Y.



LOVE AND A LADDER.

THE DIVORCED WIFE OF DR. A. B. LAW OF BELMONT, WIS., ELOPES WITH LEWIS N. MAPES.



LAYING ON THE LASH.

GEORGE LASSITER OF METROPOLIS, ILL., IS VIGOROUSLY CALLED TO ACCOUNT FOR SLANDERING TWO OF HIS NEIGHBORS.



SHE NABBED THE GREASER.

A BRAVE AMERICAN WOMAN COLLARS A DESPERATE MEXICAN BURGLAR WHILE PLUNDERING HER HOUSE AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.



A BRUTAL REVENGE.

MISS MABBITT CARRIED OFF AND SUPPOSED TO BE MURDERED BY HER REJECTED LOVER, AMOS GREEN, NEAR LOGANSPORT, IND.



HE SWAM THE WHIRLPOOL.

WILLIAM J. KENDALL, AN EX POLICEMAN OF BOSTON, MANAGES TO ACCOMPLISH THE TREMENDOUS FEAT WHICH COST CAPT. MATTHEW WEBB OF ENGLAND HIS LIFE.



A BATTLE WITH HORSE THIEVES.

HOW THE FARMERS OF WAYNE CO., PA., RESISTED A BOLD ATTEMPT TO GET AWAY WITH THEIR SPAINED OLD PLUGS.



A SOMNAMBULIST'S FATE.

MRS. FELIX BROUSSARD WHILE IN A SOMNAMBULIC CONDITION THROWS HERSELF UNDER A RAILROAD COACH AND IS CRUSHED TO DEATH, NEW IBERIA, LA.

NEW HORROR.

The Virgin Tribute Paid By
Little Girls to Gray-
Haired Monsters in
Newark, N. J.

FIT FOR THE STAKE.

Wretches Who Use Their Own Chil-
dren To Help in the Debauchery
of Youthful School Girls.

Through the finding of Della Duffy and Minnie Arbutnott, more children, hungry and almost naked, on the beach at Coney Island, on August 2, a crime of the most revolting nature has been disclosed in Newark, N. J. The girls are about fourteen years of age, but unusually precocious and self-willed. To Chief of Police McKane they told a terrible story of ill treatment. A week before their arrest, they said, they left their homes in Newark and went to Coney Island. They were induced to accompany two men to a disreputable house near West Brighton Beach. There



Mamie Raymond.

they were kept for nearly a week and shockingly abused. Hungry and ill they were put out of the house to wander all night on the beach. Their parents were communicated with, and by their consent the children were sent to the House of the Good Shepherd by Justice Warling. One of the girls made such a remarkable statement to one of the attendants that James A. Neary, an agent for the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Brooklyn, was sent for and to him the girls repeated their tale.

It is understood that the girls told him that a prominent real estate dealer in Newark enticed them into his office and maltreated them. They are also credited with saying that the real estate agent had two or three girls in his employ to whom he paid \$1 for every new victim brought into his den. Mr. Neary was very reticent about the matter, but from a reliable source it was learned that the girls had made compromising statements against Matthew T. Darby, a real estate agent, at No. 15 Mulberry street, Newark.

Darby is a real estate agent of the New York Equitable Assurance Association. He has charge of a large



M. L. Darby.

amount of property in New Jersey, mostly in Elizabeth, where he resides, and Newark, where he has his office. Several years ago the association took under a foreclosure a large brick factory in Mulberry street, Newark, near Centre street. Here Darby fitted up an office and rented the rest of the building to various firms, who manufacture corsets, straw hats and pearl buttons. Several hundred girls are employed in the building. On the lower floor is the trunk and satchel frame manufactory of Charles Kuepper. Darby constructed an office alongside the factory. He had two rooms made, one with an exposure on Mulberry street and the rear room without any windows at all. The front office was without any furniture, save a desk and chair. There were no curtains on the door or windows except those woven by the undisturbed spiders.

When the subject was mentioned to the neighbors they shrugged their shoulders and said nothing, in Kuepper's factory everything was different. Although



Raymond.

many of the employees were restrained from saying anything, the majority of them were loud in their denunciation of the crimes which they believed had been enacted in the private office of the real estate agent.

August Melzelbach, foreman in the establishment, said:

"As long as the thing has come to light, I will tell what I know. There have been shameful things enacted in that office ever since four years ago. I am not sure whether much has been done very lately. I have seen little girls come to Darby's office in company with others, and in a few minutes the most frightful screams have issued from his private room. On several occasions an old withered woman brought young girls and left them there. Sometimes their screams were heartrending, and my companions and I would have broken into the place had it not been for the fact that the firm did not want trouble with the agent. On several occasions we did try to stop it. We went into the cellar and threw iron against the floor. We yelled and pounded against the thin board partition which divides the office from our workshop. One of the men bored auger holes through the partition. Some time ago we had occasion to move the partition back a few feet. When it was torn down we found in the dark room a cot, basins, sponges and towels. I don't think Darby knew we were going to tear down the partition so soon or he would have removed the things. Were they poor children? No, indeed; many of them were rosy-cheeked, well-dressed girls, evidently the children of well-to-do parents."

"Do you know any of the girls?"

"Only by sight. I frequently see them on the street,



Paying Darby a call.

and they don't improve in character as they grow older."

Darby resides in a two-story and a half-frame house in Broad street, next door to St. John's Church. Part of the lower story of the house is occupied by photographer Thos. Moore & studio. Moore recently created a sensation by marrying "Capt." Jennie Nelson, of the Salvation Army, and then getting a divorce from her. Above a side entrance, reached by three wooden steps, is the sign, "M. L. Darby, Real Estate."

"Is Mr. Darby at home?"

"That is my name. Walk in," Mr. Darby evidently expected a visitor. The reporter entered his office, which was in the narrow entry. A high walnut desk and several chairs comprised the furniture. A wide staircase led to the floor above, and a handsome newel lamp reached almost to the ceiling.

"Mr. Darby, your name has been connected with an unpleasant scandal published in the New York papers," said the reporter.

"Yes," was the quick reply, "and I have been worried about it all day." Darby rested his elbow on the sill of an open window, shaded his eyes with his long, bony fingers and gazed intently at the figures in the carpet.

"But your name was not mentioned in the story," suggested the reporter.

"I—I—yes, that is so. But when it said a Newark real estate dealer, I knew they referred to me."

"You did? Then you know the girls?"

"Yes."

"Are you guilty of the charge?"

"No," was the nervous reply. "You see a number of girls are in the habit of coming into my office to sell fruit. They did not stay long and then went out."

"Have any been there recently?"

"No, not for nearly a year. I had some trouble about that time. You see all the girls at the skating rinks knew me and called me 'Matt.' They would often come around and see me at my office. On one occasion one of the girls, who was quite young, went out with a young man and remained away all night. Her parents were terribly alarmed and wanted to send



The old procress.

the girl to a reformatory. In her fright she wrote me a letter asking me to meet her. She stuck the note under my office door. In it she asked me to meet her and get her out of her trouble. I wrote her a reply stating that I would not meet her and signed it 'Matt.' The epistle was delivered at her house. She placed it in her trunk and it was found by her parents. Her name? I believe that it was Remington. Her parents took the note to Mayor Haynes. The latter sent for me and told me not to have anything more to do with the girls. Since that time I have ordered them out of my office every time any one of them came in."

A rustle of a dress at the top of the stairs made Darby start: then all was quiet again.

"Do you know the Arbutnott girl?"

"Yes. I knew her because she occasionally sold fruit. That was some time ago. I was last at Coney Island on the day the girls were maltreated by ruffians. I had my daughter with me. Near Brighton Beach I met the Arbutnott girl in company with the Duffy girl. The latter I did not know well. I playfully poked the Duffy girl in the back with my umbrella. Both of the girls looked around and saw me. My daughter's attention was attracted in another direction. I did not want her to notice them, so I frowned and motioned for them not to speak. Mamie Arbutnott looked bloated, as if she had been drinking. I left them, but did not know they were out of funds. Had I known it I would have given them half a dollar to pay their way to Newark. Oh, this is a terrible thing; it will ruin me. I have a wife, three daughters and a son. It is terrible."

"I demand to know what this is all about," exclaimed a voice at the head of the stairs, and Mrs. Darby descended. She is a handsome woman, slightly inclined to obesity. She has a handsome face and flashing black eyes. She stood for a moment and surveyed her husband, who seemed to shrink up under her gaze. He never lifted his eyes nor uttered a word.

"I demand again to know what this all means. Are you mixed up in any low, scandalous business? Say, speak! You, shame! The father of a family, with three daughters whom you have so jealously guarded.



Fired out of a Coney Island dive.

The reporter, accompanied by a witness, had hardly touched the bell when the door was opened by a middle-aged man of fine appearance. He was above the medium height and slender. His hair was tinged with gray in front and a stubby gray mustache partly concealed a row of even white teeth. His under jaw was square and prominent and his gray eyes surveyed his visitor nervously. He was stylishly dressed and possessed an unmistakable air of refinement.

"Go up stairs," faintly murmured Darby. His lips quivered and it became painfully evident that his eyes were suffused with tears.

A sigh of relief forced a groan from Darby's lips, as he sank back in his chair.

"This will ruin me, I know it," he continued. "I have three fine daughters and a son, C. S. Darby, a photographer, a few doors below here."

"Mr. Darby, the Arbutnott girl mentions several

other girls who were in your place, and it is alleged that you had several girls from East Newark in your office."

"Probably the girls know me. I used to attend the skating rinks and I met them all there. They all called me 'Matt,' and I did not know many of them. I do not know how or why the girls gave my name."



One of the fruit girls.

think they may have confounded me with another party."

"Who is the other party?"

"I believe he is a butcher; in fact, I don't know much about him."

Mr. Darby meekly bowed the reporter out and returned to the bosom of his family.

Minnie Arbutnott's parents live at No. 77 Shipman street, Newark. They are in very humble circumstances. The head of the family is a jeweller by trade, but is out of work at present. In consequence of his idleness the support of the family falls upon Mrs. Arbutnott, a pale, thin woman, with marks of care and sorrow upon her face.

"Minnie was a good girl," her father said, "until she was led off by the Duffy girl. Minnie has had to work ever since she was very young, and I taught her at home in the evenings. She worked in Whiting's box factory in Lawrence street, and earned \$2.50 a week. She always came home with her money on Saturday night. At last she said she had to work overtime and not running to ricks with the Duffy girl. I told her that unless she made arrangements not to work at night she must leave the factory. She did on June 12



Since that time she went with the Duffy girl and a girl she called Mary McGowen."

At the factory Foreman Frank Keeler said that the girl was discharged for inefficiency.

Celia Duffy formerly lived with her parents at No. 28 Sussex avenue. The Duffys occupy the second floor of a tenement house. Mrs. Duffy is insane, and her husband, who is a hard working man, is stricken with grief.

Mathias L. Darby, the Newark real estate agent who is accused of shocking crimes against a score of little girls at his office in Newark, was arrested at Elizabeth on Aug. 20 by Chief Tuite, of Newark.

When the chief arrived at Darby's house in Elizabeth at 3 A. M. he rang the door bell and pounded on the door until a faint voice was heard on the inside asking who was there. The door was reluctantly opened and Mr. Darby stood trembling in his narrow office. Chief Tuite took him into custody and thrust him into the coach, where he slunk down into a corner and cried until he went to sleep. On reaching Police Headquarters in Newark he was placed in a cell. The police then set out to find the girls who were known to have visited Darby's den in the old factory building on Mulberry street. They went out at daylight and before 9 o'clock a score of girls, ranging in ages from twelve to eighteen years, were brought in. Many of them were bright and pretty girls, and all were well dressed. They were recognized as regular visitors to the roller skating rinks during the last two winters. Several of the girls admitted having frequently visited Darby at his office. Ida Shaw, aged sixteen; Daisy Dunn, aged thirteen; Lena Webber, sixteen years old, and Mamie Raymond, aged eighteen, made most serious charges against Darby.

Raymond was arrested and locked up on Lottie O'Neill's information and that of others of the girls. They were all companions of Mamie Raymond, who knew of her father's conduct. Raymond is a stout, dark man, with a heavy black mustache. He is about fifty years old, and is a member of the Eighth Regiment Veteran Association of New Jersey.

BIG BOODLES.

Two Boston Dandy Defaulters
Play a Game For Millions.

GRAY ENDS HIS FAST LIFE.

Found on the Top of a Mountain With
a Bullet Through His Heart.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Upon the bare summit of one of the Blue Hill range in Milton, two miles from the nearest house, was found the body of William Gray, Jr., of Boston, whose embezzlement of nearly \$1,000,000 was made known a few days ago. Through the heart was a single pistol shot wound, and by his side lay the weapon with which he had taken his life forty-eight hours before. The body was clad in a blue yachting suit. His straw hat was beneath his head, the weight of the body forcing it over his forehead. The eyes were open and the lips were slightly parted. He seemed to be asleep. The discovery of Mr. Gray's horse and buggy at the foot of the mountain was the first clue to his whereabouts. Nothing had been seen or heard of horse and driver after the gates closed behind Mr. Gray at his home. It seems evident that he drove directly to the spot where the horse was found, for several persons saw the animal standing there. When the turnout was identified it was at once decided that Mr. Gray had driven to Blue Hill for the purpose of committing suicide.

In the pockets was but little of value, \$2.56 in small change being found, a pencil and knife, a handkerchief, and a pair of kid gloves, together with a half dozen cartridges of a larger calibre than those required for the revolver from which the fatal shot was fired, and probably belonging to a revolver recently given to Mr. Cunningham by the deceased man. The absence of all valuables confirmed Mr. Wood's statement that Mr. Gray left his watch and pocketbook at home, and showed why the detective was so certain before the finding of the body that suicide was intended.

The financial developments in the case have been startling and ominous. Early in the day rumors were current about town that Mr. Samuel B. Payson, President of the National City Bank at 61 State street, Boston, had made an assignment. It was said that Mr. Payson had indorsed so heavily for William Gray, Jr., that the financial trouble of the latter had resulted in his failure. The cashier of the National City Bank, in response to inquiries about him, denied the truth of any rumor that Mr. Payson's money matters were in a bad shape. It was learned soon after, however, that Mr. Payson had made an assignment to Mr. Samuel Johnson, of C. F. Hovey & Co. Then came the announcement that Mr. Payson repudiated his indorsement on many of the notes that purported to bear his signature, and pronounced them forgeries. Then followed the announcement of the failure of one or two brokers, and the wildest rumors flew about State street for an hour or two. A sharp break in the stock market ensued, and the situation became decidedly panicky.

Mr. Payson was supposed to be a millionaire. He is President of the City Bank, director in the Indian Orchard and Atlantic Mills, and a large owner in the stocks of the Manchester Print Works, the Derry Mills, the Hallowell Cotton Co., and many other manufacturing institutions. He is the owner of the Cushing estate in Watertown, one of the most magnificent estates in New England. The effect of this assignment in the cotton trade and in banking circles is very marked. A prominent financier remarked after learning of Payson's assignment, that it will not require many more financial shocks to create a panic in Boston.

It is said that the assignment now made public has been contemplated since Gray's disappearance, but that it has been withheld as long as it was safe to do so. Some say that Mr. Payson's object was simply to liquidate his estate. The suspension was forced by the action of the banks, which held some \$140,000 in stock of the Indian Orchard Mills, pledged as collateral by Mr. Payson. They notified him recently that he must furnish new collateral or take up the notes. Being unable to do either at short notice, and learning that one or two notes purporting to bear his endorsement had gone to protest, Mr. Payson deemed it best to make an assignment. No estimate can yet be made of his assets or liabilities. He has resigned the presidency of the National Bank.

The defalcation of Gray is a serious blow to Springfield, as the Indian Orchard cotton mills, of which he was treasurer, are situated there. No. 2 mill, which was burned on July 31, with a loss of \$350,000, was to have been rebuilt, but Gray's rascality destroys this project and also causes No. 1 mill to shut down. Most of the 1200 employees will leave the city to seek work elsewhere. "The Orchard," which is a little out of the city proper and depended on its factories to a large extent, is a sad place at present.

THE OTHER CASE.

Samuel G. Snelling, the man who is said to have embezzled \$350,000 of the funds of the Lowell Bleachery Company, left his handsome residence, 24 Commonwealth avenue, late one night last week and went up to Police Headquarters in Pemberton Square in company with Inspector Richardson and Policeman McCausland. A warrant was read to him there charging him with embezzling \$30,683 of the bleachery company's money. He remained over night in a cell, and the next morning procured bail in \$50,000 for his appearance in court. Mr. Snelling's offence was not at first regarded as criminal, but recently, it is alleged, the discovery was made that he had drawn from the Merchants' Bank the sum of \$33,683 that stood to the credit of the bleachery and transferred it to the Maverick Bank, where it was deposited in his own name. His arrest on a criminal charge was then decided upon by the directors.

It was feared that Snelling had left for Canada, and Superintendent Small telegraphed to Montreal, St. John and Buffalo requesting the authorities to arrest the supposed fugitive, if seen. At the same time a

watch was placed upon the Commonwealth avenue residence, and late in the evening he put in an appearance and was at once taken into custody.

About two weeks ago he wrote a letter to the directors of the bleachery, saying that his books, accounts and vouchers were at the service of his creditors, among whom he numbered the bleachery company, as though his indebtedness to the company was of a perfectly legitimate kind. Certain irregularities in his accounts with the company as its treasurer had already been found, as a result of which his resignation had been asked for, tendered and accepted. The ex-treasurer said that his failure was mainly due to the large losses occasioned by his dealings with James H. Diggles of New York, to whom he had advanced his own and the company's money without the knowledge of the directors, for the purchase of goods to be finished at the bleachery. The result was that Diggles owed Snelling \$400,000, and Snelling owed the bleachery, according to Snelling's conservative computation, \$200,000. An investigating committee discovered a systematic falsification of accounts by Snelling, so that for years the directors at their annual meetings had been deluded into the belief that their finances were perfectly secure. Snelling, when discovered, made a plea for leniency, but the directors, upon receiving these facts, appointed a committee to act, and the result was Snelling's arrest. He furnished bail and the case was continued. Snelling's total indebtedness is about \$800,000, including the deficiency of \$350,000 in the Lowell Bleachery.

THE ORIGINAL BLUE LAWS.

Now that the great American crank is hard at work trying to make everybody toe the mark according to his own bilious Pharisaic ideas, it strikes us as a good time to publish the real old original "Blue Laws" of Connecticut. Here they are:

No Quaker or dissenter from the established worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of Magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be afforded to a Quaker, Adamite or other heretic.

If any person turns Quaker he shall be banished, and not suffered to return but upon pain of death.

No priest shall abide in this Dominion; he shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without a warrant.

No one to cross a river but with an authorized ferryman.

No one shall run on the Sabbath day, or walk in his garden or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

The Sabbath shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

To pick an ear of corn growing in a neighbor's garden shall be deemed theft.

A person accused of trespass in the right shall be adjudged guilty unless he clear himself by his oath.

When it appears that an accused has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked.

No one shall buy or sell lands without permission of the Selectmen.

A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the Selectmen, who are to debar him from the liberty of buying and selling.

Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbor shall sit in the stocks or be whipped fifteen strokes.

No minister shall keep a school.

Every rateable person who refuses to pay his proportion to the support of the minister of the town or parish shall be fined by the court £2. and £4 every quarter until he or she shall pay the rate to the minister.

Men-stealers shall suffer death.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone face above two shillings by the yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the Selectmen shall tax the offender at £300 estate.

A debtor in prison swearing he has no estate, shall be let out and sold to make satisfaction.

Whoever sets a fire in the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of this crime shall be imprisoned without benefit of bail.

Whoever brings cards or dice into this Dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make mince pies, dance, play cards or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and Jew's-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage; the Magistrates only shall join in marriage, as they may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages the Magistrate shall determine the point.

The Selectmen on finding children ignorant may take them away from their parents and put them into better hands at the expense of their parents.

A man that strikes his wife shall pay a fine of £10, a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs.

A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband.

No man shall court a maid in person, or by letter, without at first obtaining consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, £10 for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

Married persons must live together or be imprisoned.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

Of such sort were the laws made by the people of New Haven previous to their incorporation with Saybrook and Hartford colonies by the charter. They consist of a vast multitude, and were very properly termed Blue Laws—i.e., bloody laws, for they were all sanctified with excommunication, confiscation, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue and death.

With respect to the epithet blue, I believe the writer is mistaken when he explains it by bloody, or, at least, that in whatever sense it was or is applied to the laws of New Haven, its original import was no more than Presbyterian or Puritan. It appears to have been so used in Scotland, where it originated.

A BATTLE WITH HORSE THIEVES.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The horse thieves of Pennsylvania have lately become very desperate and daring. The other day, in Wayne County, a number of farmers had a hard battle with a band of the outlaws, who, after a fierce struggle, were put to flight.

MOTHER MANDELBAUM'S DEN.

Canadians Buying New York Goods Remarkably Cheap.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Hamilton, Ontario, is stirred up to the highest pitch of excitement by the new departure of Mother Mandelbaum, the celebrated New York receiver of purloined property, who has resided here for over two years. Mother Mandelbaum has leased a handsome store, and has fitted it up as a dry goods and novelty store. Last week she gave a formal opening, which was duly advertised in all the local papers, and since then it has been well patronized by the residents of Hamilton, who are curious to see what sort of a business woman the notorious fence is.

Over the store hangs the sign "F. Mandelbaum," and inside the madame, assisted by her son and three saleswomen, is kept busy waiting on customers. She has a large stock of wares, nearly all of American make, which came from New York through the custom house in due form. They are said to be the relics of Mme. Mandelbaum's famous New York establishment, and are to be purchased at remarkably low prices.

Mme. Mandelbaum explains to her customers that she is in a position to sell her wares cheaper than anybody else in Canada, because they are Job lots, bought cheap in New York.

At the grand opening a number of handsome garments, a trifle worn, perhaps, were displayed at ruinous figures. One beautiful silk dress, trimmed with black lace, and said to have been made by Worth, sold for \$18. Another blue silk robe, which the purchaser said was cheap at \$100, went for \$20, and other goods went in proportion.

One curious feature of Mme. Mandelbaum's stock is that it does not bear any trade marks or labels, and the cases they come in do not have any other marks on them but her address. A great many purchasers have availed themselves of the opportunity of purchasing some beautiful plate, which she also sells at very low figures. There are erasures on some of the ware, which leads to the supposition that names which at one time may have been engraved on them have been carefully obliterated.

A correspondent called on Hamilton's new store-keeper and entered into a chat with the famous woman.

"It was generally understood," remarked the correspondent, "that you had retired from active business?"

"Oh, no, my friend," replied Mme. Mandelbaum, shaking her head, and causing a pair of great solitaire ear-rings to dance and sparkle. "I have not retired, as you see. I am in business once more. I'm an old woman now, but, you see, I can't be idle. It's fun for me to keep a store, and I'm so used to it. Can I sell you anything?"

"I don't know, unless you have something I can use."

With a wink, the import of which was left to the imagination, Mme. Mandelbaum suggested that she had some very pretty watches, some a little used, but just as good as new for all that, which she would sell at a bargain.

"I have agents in New York," she said, "and we buy these things so cheap—why, you'd be surprised. They sell them at pawnbrokers' sales and the like, and my agents buy them at sacrifice."

A large number of circulators have been sent to the States by Mother Mandelbaum. A local engraver of revenue executed them. They bear a vignette of Mme. Mandelbaum, and read thus:

HAMILTON, Ont., Aug. 10, 1886.

MY DEAR — : I beg to announce to you that I have opened my new emporium, in every respect the equal of my late New York establishment. I shall be pleased to continue our former pleasant business relations, promising not alone to pay the best prices for the articles which you may have for sale, but also to carefully protect all my customers, no matter at what expense. With my present facilities I am able to dispose of all commodities forwarded to me with dispatch and security. Trusting to hear from you soon and assuring you that a renewal of past favors will be greatly appreciated, I am yours faithfully,

F. MANDELBAUM.

N. B.—Ship goods by any express and notify me by mail.

"TEXAS TOM" REDMOND.

(With Portrait.)

Texas Tom is the young man recently arrested in Chicago for attempting to poison El Corrigan's string of horses at Washington Park. A few days ago he confessed to Billy Pinkerton that the report that he used to meet Price at Englewood was correct, and that Price gave him \$100 to bet on Binnette against Lizzie Dwyer. Price had obtained this money through Mamie Hunt defeating Pearl Jennings on July 17, when the latter was a very strong favorite. It is now almost certain that Pearl Jennings was drugged, and thus prevented from winning, and many who saw the behavior of the mare at the post that day were convinced that something was wrong with her. When the attempt was made to poison Lady of the Lake at St. Louis two years ago, Sam Bryant, the owner, forced "Texas Tom" to produce the bottle of poison which he had intended to give to the filly. He then told Redmond that if he would give up the names of the people who employed him he would do the best he could to get him off. Redmond gave the names of two bookmakers, but afterward took the whole statement back and said he had not told the truth.

The names of these bookmakers are, however, known, and are one of them has been doing business during the Washington Park meeting he is suspected of knowing something of the crooked business. It is further asserted that money was sent from Chicago to St. Louis to defend Redmond when he got into the Lady of the Lake trouble, and that some Chicago gamblers are implicated in Redmond's work.

LYNCHED THIRTY MINUTES AFTER HIS CRIME.

The quiet hamlet of Huron, Ind., is all astir over the murder of one of its best citizens and the lynching of the perpetrator of the dastardly deed. The facts concerning the crime are as follows:

A tramp, giving the name of William Dunn, from Cincinnati, entered the residence of J. T. Davis, evidently to rob him. After securing a part of his clothes Mr. Davis awakened and pursued him closely. They met near the store of J. H. Crim, and a melee was the result. Mr. Davis was struck on the head with a stone, only stunning him. He then approached his assailant, and was struck by him with a knife, severing the

brachial artery of his right arm. The next stroke severed the trachea, and the third cut was a flesh wound in his left arm. From the last he fell bleeding, and in a few moments was dead.

The perpetrator of the deed, thinking his victim dead, fled to the railroad, and while in the act of hiding the stolen property was approached by several citizens and a load of shot from an unseen party fired into his stomach. He was then dragged to the bedside of the grief-stricken wife for identification, she identifying him as the murderer of her husband.

This sealed his fate. The six indignant citizens escorted him to the gallows, a walnut tree, near the scene of the murder. Here he protested his innocence; but his blood-stained clothing bore sufficient evidence to convict him. A cotton rope was procured, and in less than thirty minutes after he had dealt the last blow to his victim his body was dangling in the air until he died from strangulation. He hung in this state until forty-five minutes past eleven the next day, to be viewed by the many hundreds of eager sight-seers. No papers or other articles of identification were found on his person.

WHY HE KILLED HIS WIFE.

Drakeley Declares That Jealousy Drove Him to the Crime.

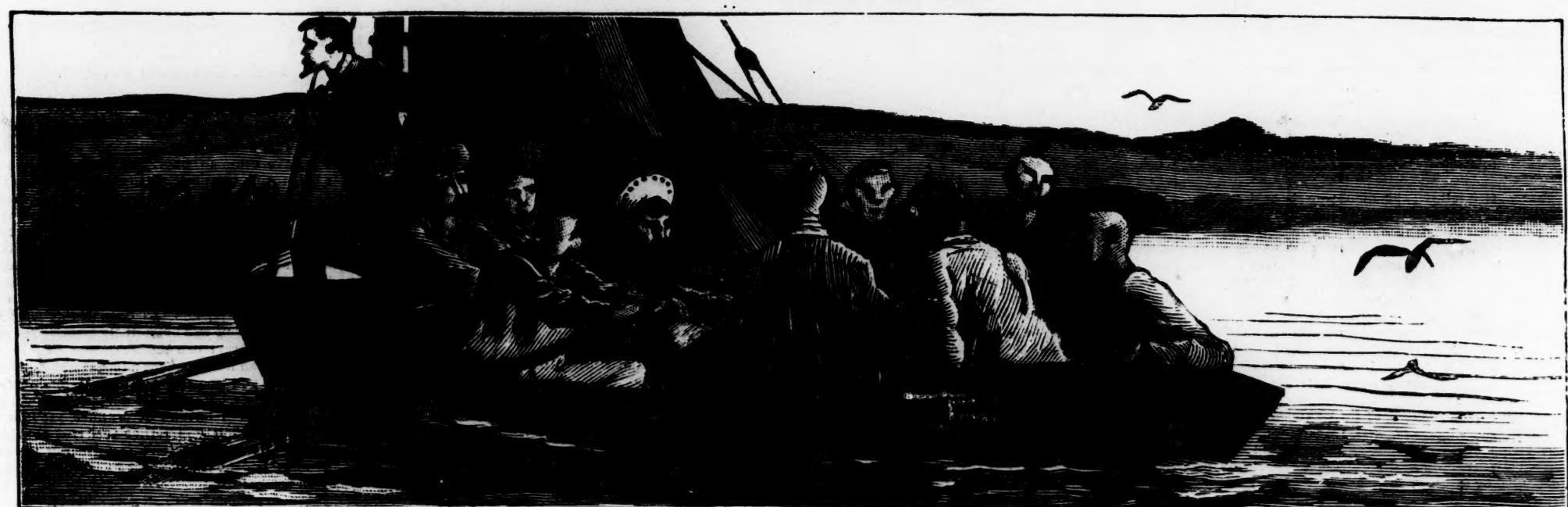
Robert Drakeley, who killed his wife a week ago, is still in jail awaiting his trial, which will take place at Litchfield in September. The woman he killed, Maud Marwick, or Maggie Davis, as she was first known, was brought up out of a New York asylum by Miss Sarah Orton. At this woman's death she left half of the Orton homestead, where the tragedy occurred, to Maud and her heirs and the other half during their lives to her niece, Mrs. George P. Allen, and her husband, the newly appointed postmaster at Woodbury, Conn. At their death the whole property should go to Maud or her descendants. In addition \$8,000 was given in trust for the daughter of Maud by the man Marwick, now a bright girl of thirteen and the most important witness in the case. Two weeks ago Mr. Allen moved out of the house with the intention of transferring his share in it to Maud and building for himself. The cellar of his new house was to have been begun last week and the final transfer papers to have been signed the day after the murder. Drakeley disliked Mr. Allen, and said he would like to kill both him and his cousin's husband, John Pierce. He forbade Maud speaking with these men under penalty of death to some one, and he practiced daily with his handsome new revolver.

But Drakeley's chief spite soon after their marriage turned upon the two-year-old baby. She said that she was caring for the baby for New York parties, and she evidently loved it as her own. Since her death the question has confronted every one, "Whose baby is this?" "Why doesn't some one claim it?" At last Mr. Allen seemed to have an idea, and wrote to a prominent physician in New York, who was said to be the babe's guardian. He has replied that he will come or send for it this week. The doctor is the same one who got Maud the place as nurse for a Waterbury man three years ago when he was ill, and who supplied the regular physician's place during the latter's absence. There was considerable unpleasant talk among the neighbors of the old Waterbury man at the



AN EDITOR'S SQUAW.

THE INDIAN BELLE OF DETROIT LAKE, MINN., WHO WANTED TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF A WELL-KNOWN AND ALREADY MARRIED NEWSPAPER MAN.



MORE MEXICAN MALICE.

THE WAY THE GREASERS HELP TO SMUGGLE CHINAMEN ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE IN VIOLATION OF THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.



MOTHER MANDELBAUM'S NEW DEN.

THE NOTORIOUS OLD NEW YORK FENCE OPENS ANOTHER "STORE" AT HAMILTON, ONT., WHERE SHE SELLS AMERICAN GOODS AT A WONDERFULLY LOW FIGURE TO THE CHARMED CANUCKS.



A CHINESE BUG BATTLE.

AN EXCITING THREE-DAY COCKROACH TOURNAMENT RECENTLY HELD IN CHICAGO BETWEEN THE PIG-TAIL SPORTS OF THAT CITY AND THOSE OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN WHICH THE LATTER WERE VICTORIOUS.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Aerial Events of the Week.

Herbert A. Slade was recently knocked out on the Pacific Coast by a local boxer.

Sporting men of Troy think Jack Fogarty can whip any middle weight in America, bar none.

Joe Lannon, of Boston, has issued a challenge to any man in America, barring Sullivan, to fight 8 rounds.

Mike Cleary has recovered the use of his broken arm and spars occasionally in a three-round glove contest.

John P. Clow, of Denver, offers to fight **Jack Burke** in any way he pleases with or without gloves, for \$5,000.

Jack Ashton has accepted the challenge of **Jerry Murphy**, of Bangor, and will soon meet him in the ring.

The proposed match between **Joe Ellingsworth** and **Jack Fogarty** still hangs fire. Both men's backers have posted \$500 at this office.

The backers of **John L. Sullivan** and **Frank Herald** say the contest will not be a slugging match, but a boxing match, scientific points to count only.

Joe McAuliffe is hailed as a coming heavy-weight in San Francisco. McAuliffe is but 22 years old, stands 6 feet 3½ inches, and scales 222 pounds.

A battle between **Jack Dempsey** and **Jack Fogarty**, would now like a race between The Bard and Dandrop at even weights over a mile and a half.

Jack Williams, light-weight pugilist, of Boston, is in Troy, N. Y., trying to arrange an eight-round glove contest with **Jack McAuliffe** for gate receipts.

John L. Sullivan has, through his trainer, hired a suite of rooms in the **Mansion House**, Hackensack, and will occupy them for training purposes.

Billy Oliver, of Harlem, will match **Paddy Smith** of Brooklyn against **Billy Frazier** or any other light weight in a fight with hard gloves to a finish for \$500 a side.

After the club men return to New York, a fistic encounter will be arranged between **Jack Fogarty** and **Joe Ellingsworth**. For \$1,000 a side and a purse of \$1,500.

J. B. Meeks, of Riverside, N. J., offers to match a 100-pound man against any man of even weight in the country, to fight with hard gloves to a finish for a purse.

At Bay View, Wis., Aug. 10, **Ed. Miller**, of Nebraska, and C. A. Smith, of East Saginaw, fought for \$250 a side. Miller was knocked out in two rounds, lasting but 4½ minutes.

Peter Manning, the heavy-weight pugilist of Cleveland, is out with a challenge to fight for \$1,000, **Jack King**, who was at one time thought to be the best fighter in America.

Lynch, of Philadelphia, will not fight **Martin Dempsey**, the champion feather-weight, and in consequence has forfeited \$100. Dempsey says all the feather-weights are afraid of him.

Jerry Murphy, the Bangor gladiator, says if **Jack Ashton** wants to meet him in a six, eight, or ten-round contest, he will accommodate him, but the contest must take place in Bangor.

Jack Burke has not yet accepted **Peter Nolan's** challenge to box six rounds or to a finish, for the whole of the gate receipts. Burke evidently does not want the contract after his trial in Cincinnati.

Frank Herald and **Bill Bradburn** have arranged a match for \$1,000 a side and the heavy-weight championship of the East, with hard gloves to a finish, to take place late in September, or near Pittsburg.

E. Turney, of East Saginaw, Mich., offers to back C. A. Smith, the colored heavy-weight, to fight either **Jack Burke** or **Patty Cardiff** with hard gloves to a finish within 100 miles of Bay City, for \$1,000 a side.

Charley Mitchell writes from England that he will return to America in the latter part of September. He has been suffering of an abscess caused by being stung by an insect while he was in training at Rockaway.

Frank White writes that he will fight **McAuliffe** any time for a feather or for fun or for as large a stake as he wants to put up. White's money is ready to put up with **Richard K. Fox** any time. McAuliffe can find a backer.

Dominick McGaffey writes that his sporting house at Atlantic City, N. J., will keep him busy until late in the fall, and he therefore cannot answer any pugilistic challenges until that time. He says he has not retired from the ring.

Billy Frazier of Boston is eager to arrange a match with **Jack McAuliffe**, either with or without gloves, any rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. After McAuliffe failed to meet Frank White for a purse, it is doubtful whether he would meet Frazier.

James Condine and **Patrick Gibbons**, two heavy-weight local pugilists, fought a desperate prize fight at Midway Mills, Pa., on August 21. Condine's face was pummeled into an unshapely mass. Gibbons was declared the winner after Condine was carried off the field in a wheelbarrow. The stakes were \$50.

Tommy Warren of Louisville, the champion feather-weight, and Jerry Murphy of Minneapolis, are matched to box eight rounds at the Washington Rink at Minneapolis, on Aug. 31. Murphy is to stop Warren in eight rounds, and will then receive the entire receipts and a stake of \$1,000. If not, Warren takes everything.

Harry Jenks of Chicago, the well-known sporting man and backer of Frank Glover, called at this office on August 23. He was greatly surprised at the trophies and portraits of the prominent sporting men which are open for inspection by all who desire to call and look at them.

A hot glove contest between **Dan Anders** and **Charles Dunn** recently at Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, resulted in Dunn being knocked out in the second round by a right-hand blow from Anders. The fight between Bean and Blister was won by Bean, and the struggle for supremacy between John Banks and Jack Lynch was declared a draw.

Pat O'Leary, the 130-pound Welsh pugilist, writes from Cincinnati that he will give \$50 to any 130-pound man to Ohio to box him 10 rounds, Queenberry rules, with hard gloves, or he will meet any man in the country whose weight does not exceed 120 pounds in a fight to a finish with kid gloves or bare knuckles for \$500 or \$1,000 a side.

If the match between **Paddy Ryan** and **Frank Glover** is on the level, Paddy will find that he has bit of more than he can chew. Glover is not scurvy—neither is Paddy—but he is young, strong and willing, a hard hitter and a game man, and if I were betting I would wager a red apple against a dollar bill that he beats the Trojan. Stick him in this prediction.

John L. Sullivan says: "I have been living regularly and training faithfully, thereby giving the lie to those industrious scandal mongers who are always under a pretense of giving me friendly advice and telling the public that Sullivan is doing always this and that and the other. I will be there on the 24th, and hope that Herald will be, as well, and feel as confident of his superiority as I do of mine."

Jack Davis, who was defeated by **Jem Smith** in England some time since, tells the following story of the battle to Jimmy Kelly, the pugilist. He says: "I never had a softer thing than he can chew. Glover is not scurvy—neither is Paddy—but he is young, strong and willing, a hard hitter and a game man, and if I were betting I would wager a red apple against a dollar bill that he beats the Trojan. Stick him in this prediction."

Jack Burke has issued a challenge to box **Jack Dempsey** 8 rounds. "Police Gazette" rules. It is strange that Burke should challenge a man who is hardly through his honeymoon, and who has publicly announced that he has retired from the ring. He evidently believes that Dempsey does not mean what he said, though why he should doubt his word is not plain. It is thought strange, too, that he should challenge him to an 8-round contest, Dempsey having said so positively that if ever he fought Mitchell or

Burke it would be to a finish. Burke is bigger than Dempsey. He is the cleverest with his hands, and in a contest such as he proposes the advantage would be all with him.

Tommy Danforth has not responded to **Tommy Warren's** challenge, which is somewhat surprising, as not long since he appeared to be very anxious to get on with him. You can't always tell whether or not a man is as anxious as he would have folks believe. Ed Clark of this city, a very promising young featherweight, is anxious to have a go at Danforth, and a messenger is now in New York to make a match between them to take place in private. Should it come off, and should Clark win, he will be backed against Warren for \$1,000. Efforts will be made to have Warren come here early this fall or winter, and then, no doubt, some of our bantams will have a chance at him.

Jack Fogarty is anxious to make a trip across the continent and meet all comers within a few pounds of his weight, 151 pounds. He fancies himself a good match for Peter Nolan, and though Peter is bigger and heavier than he, he is anxious to meet him at catch weights. If Nolan's friends are willing, Jack will be too good to go to Cincinnati and meet him. Fogarty is getting big very fast, and it would be hard for him to fight at much less than 155 pounds. He believes that his skill and activity will be a stand off for Nolan's strength and size. Should they meet, the contest will be one of national importance. Fogarty has never been beaten but once, and then he was put against Jack Dempsey before he had the experience or strength that he now possesses. Nolan's response to this invitation will be awaited with interest.

Although there are a number of boxers claiming to be light-weight champions, they are backward in arranging matches for the title. The candidates are Harry Gilmore, of Toronto; Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia; Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, E. D.; Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., and Billy Dacey, of Greenpoint, L. I. The pride of place lays between Harry Gilmore and Jimmy Mitchell, but the former has the preference because he has figured in more regular battles than any of the other aspirants, and he now stands ready to meet all comers for the title. Mitchell and Frazier are the next in line, but it is very doubtful if either is able to defeat Gilmore. Arthur Chambers looks upon Mitchell as the best light-weight in America, and time and again has posted a deposit to match Mitchell against any 124-pound man in America.

The late Marquis of Waterford, among numerous accomplishments, excelled as a boxer, and of his aptitude in this art he was justly proud. He never picked his men—he used to hire coal-heavers, dustmen, hodmen, fellowship-porters, and others of that ilk, and then gave them a Bank of England plaster; and if he ever was caught napping and met a superior bruiser, great was his superior's reward. But sometimes an insolent jayve obtained all the thrashing and no reward, as the following anecdote will show. The Marquis, on one occasion, hailed a cab rather early in the morning, and directed the cabman to drive him to St. James' Square, the residence of his uncle, the Archbishop of Armagh. When he arrived at his destination he handed the cabman half a sovereign, but, cabby, in the most insolent manner, demanded more. "All right," said the Marquis, and slipping into the house by means of a hickey, he quickly donned his uncle's episcopal robes, and returning to the door quietly asked what the cabman required. The jayve not recognizing the Marquis, and thinking to frighten the clerical swell, gave him some choice Billingsgate, whereupon his lordship in his new character knocked cabby down. Amused at the idea of having a fight with a person, cabby sprang up and went for his man in good style; but the shamed prelate foiled every blow, and returned his deliveries with such vigor that at last the cabman, thoroughly beaten, and believing that he had the devil in lawn sleeves for an opponent, jumped up on his cab and was glad to "boot 'em."

The great fistic encounter between **John L. Sullivan** and **Frank Herald**, the Nicetown Slasher, is attracting great attention and will take place at Scheutzen Park, Union Hill, N. J., on Saturday, Aug. 28. District Attorney Winfield has decided that it is not against the law, and it will certainly take place. Sullivan is undergoing a preparation for the event, and looks better than at any time during the past year. He remains in charge of the hotel at Fifty-ninth street and Broadway, but finds time for tramps through Central Park and for "punching the bag." He is not indulging in the latter exercise when seen by a reporter, and, after driving his left and swinging his right on to the foot ball for about 15 minutes, was rubbed down with bay rum. He now weighs 205 pounds, in talking over the prospects of the contest on the 28th, he said:

"I have not tasted liquor in nearly a month, and I have indulged in regular exercise. That has had the effect of reducing my weight materially, and I believe that I can get down to 193 pounds. Of course I will not try to do so for the affair at Scheutzen Park, as I like to have a little extra flesh on me for glove contests. But if I was to fight to a finish, I would get down to a fine point. I do not believe I will have a hard job with Herald, but at that I won't take any chances. I never have and never will take chances."

"You know you are able to whip Herald, don't you?"

"I am confident I can. I have whipped all the others I've met, and I don't think he'll stop my progress. But," said the champion, "I want to tell you something. Now, Mitchell is coming back here next month. He will probably arrive with Lawyer Peter Mitchell. Now that duck has got to fight when he comes back here. I don't care about the stakes, and it won't be a gate money snap, either. I'm going to make him fight or drive him out of the country."

"Frank White desires to return his thanks to **Alerman John G. Fox**, of Troy, whose guest he was during his sojourn in that city. He also desires to thank **Tommy Malone**, fire department captain, Mike Quirk, O. C. Cohen, Mike Ford, of Hoochick Falls, Coroner Jim Delaney and the members of the Troy baseball nine, for courtesies extended."

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Mr. J. B. Haggin's, the California millionaire, extensive purchase of thoroughbred yearlings last year excited great comment, and not a few thought he was overdoing it. But his success at Saratoga and Monmouth was a triumph both from a financial point of view and the standpoint of honor.

At Saratoga on Aug. 14, he ran first and second with King Fox and Alcalde, and at Monmouth he was first and second for the Criterion, with Milton and Ferenzi.

A colt without engagements is the most useless animal imaginable. It is worth 50 per cent less in value, a fact which his owner is soon brought to appreciate when he offers him as a salable commodity.

Does anybody suppose the Dwyers would have given \$29,500 for Dew-Drop if she had not been engaged in \$50,000 worth of stakes, or that they would have given Mr. Swigert \$15,000 for the two-year-old Hindoo were he not engaged in stakes of equal amount?

The following is a new definition recently adopted by the English Amateur Athletic Association: "An amateur is any person who has never engaged or assisted in, nor taught, any recognised athletic exercise for money, or who has never, either in public or private, raced or exhibited his skill for a public or private stake or other remuneration, or for a purse or for gate money, and never backed or allowed himself to be backed either in a public or private race."

English athletic associations have a mania for changing amateur definitions, and one half of the revisions and changes are made to suit some scheme, or there is some private motive for the change.

I see Hanlan continues to improve in rowing. On Aug. 14 he rowed three miles, with a turn, at Worcester, Mass., in 19 minutes 20 seconds.

It would take both Beach, Gaudaur and Teemer to cover the distance and turn in the same time.

Hanlan made the time, rowing alone, for a wager of \$500.

Time is no criterion of oarsmanship; but it must be allowed that if Hanlan can row alone, cover three miles in 19 minutes 20 seconds, how fast would he row the distance if he had an opponent to push him?

Form in rowing, as well as in trotting, running, walking and pedestrianism tells.

Hanlan is showing first-class form, and to use a racing phrase, he is just on edge.

It is a pity Beach is not in America. If he was there would be every indication of all single-scull rowing records for three, four and five miles being beaten, or else the single-scull championship still being held by Hanlan.

I was surprised when I heard Beach is arranging a match with Wallace Ross for \$500 a side.

What does it mean? Is Gaudaur too fast for the champion? Probably Beach has been quietly tipped that Gaudaur can row as fast as any oarsman in the world, or what is the matter?

I do not think Ross has the least idea that he can defeat Beach, and if the match is made, it is because Ross is well aware that the receipts from the stands and booths along the course, and the steamboats, will turn in a large sum, which will be divided share and share alike.

I think it is a pity that Ross is to meet Beach instead of Hanlan, Teemer or Gaudaur. Beach will easily defeat Ross unless there is bargaining, and then there will be more crowding by the Australian press about Beach being invincible.

Beach may be a flyer on his own waters, but it is evident he does not place much confidence in his ability to beat all comers, which a champion, after the manner born should do, or else he would have accepted the offer of Richard K. Fox to come to America and row for a purse of \$5,000. \$3,000 to the winner, besides receiving \$500 for expenses.

Beach may meet Ross and defeat him, but he will not be able to boast of being the best oarsman in the New World, and there will be very little credit attached to his victory.

The Kansas City pacing wonder, Dan D., won the free-for-all pace race at Buffalo. John Jacobs, formerly of Port Perry, Canada, drives him.

The Kentucky "Live Stock Record" says: "Volante is the best horse on the turf. He not only has speed but the courage and boldfaced of the bulldog."

We said the same early in the spring.

By the way, the three-year-old chestnut colt, Sir Joseph, by Glenelg, out of Susie Linwood, ran a mile at Chicago on August 13 in 1:14, with 105 pounds up.

Swigert made a mistake when he sold him, and the Dwyers lost a trick when they did not buy him.

I understand the owner of Onward offers to trot him, and four of his foals of 1884, against any other stallion in the land and a like number of his get for \$3,000 a side.

I was surprised to learn of the death of Bill Richardson, the bouliffe of the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, Eng.

Richardson was one of the leading backers of pugilists and promoters of pugilism when the prize ring was one of the great sporting institutions of England.

It is now many years since "Old Bill," as he was familiarly called, intimately identified himself with the noble art, but to the last he extorted the hand of encouragement to its followers, and permitted boxing in his house.

He it was under whose wing the best prize fighters were satisfied to nestle and be guided in all their subsequent dealings. At one time he held the destiny of the prize ring in the hollow of his hand, so to speak, and by the most powerful emissaries his injunctions were tacitly obeyed.

His hostility was nearly always selected as the rendezvous for weighing the men before fighting, and by those profoundly learned in matters pugilistic, Richardson's extensive experience and judgment were courted and anxiously sought.

In fistic lore he was of all men the most competent to furnish the present generation with its leading characteristics from the time when pugilism was the sport of the nobility down to the eve of its rapid decline. When it drifted into its present channel he gradually and willingly dropped from his high estate.

With his demise passes away one of the old bulwarks

of the prize ring, and the hero of numerous adventures by flood and deluge. In the district where all his conquests and reverses ripened ere they were ready to bear the fruit of success or failure he died, having at his command every comfort he needed, and surrounded by many of the friends of his youth.

This is not a time to enter into the active history of the man who has so sorely joined the majority. Rather let us write of him as he was best known to us in his declining days, and say that Richardson was always affable and kind, and will be sorely missed by those in straitened circumstances, as well as the generation of pugilists who have sprouted into fame and affluence since the "King of the Boxers" retired into comparative oblivion.

Richardson was the backer of Tom King, Jim Mace, Jack Hicks, Joe Nolan and Jack Lead, and Bill Smith, the Brighton Doctor.

The fatal encounter between Jim Smith and John Knifton, the St.-tonner, is creating considerable excitement among sporting circles in England.

It is, however, the general opinion that Smith will easily defeat Knifton, although Mace and other good judges claim that Knifton will conquer Smith.

By the way, I clipped the following from the Australian Sportsman: "It is not generally known, but John Knifton, the some time English fistic champion, and John Sullivan, the Bostonian slogger, were saved by a very narrow squeak from contending together in America."

Knifton had been superintending the transport of some cattle at the fair at Brighton, near Boston, when one evening he entered a sparring saloon, and, being asked to put on the gloves with another big 'un,' he made an exhibition of him, much to the delight of the spectators, who were pleased to see the overthrow of the sometime braggart, who was a perfect giant of some 6 feet 4 inches high, and for years the champion wrestler of America.

It made such a noise, and so spread about how a big Englishman had knocked him out, that a detective named McLaughlin, who was very much interested in Sullivan, thought it would be a good opportunity to try Knifton with the then unknown.

Having sought him, he asked the "tonner" to meet him at Billy Mahony's (the famous) boxing-saloon where Sullivan used to set-to, and he would introduce him to a friend who wished to spar with a good man, and would be glad to take the "tonner" on.

The two were introduced to each other, and Knifton only knew the slogger as Smith. A match was made, which was to come off in about a fortnight; but Knifton's arrangements for the transport of cattle being completed he had to leave without bringing it to a conclusion. Seeing afterward a picture of Sullivan he recognized his quandary friend of Billy Mahony's room—Mr. Smith.

I understand arrangements have just been completed for a series of three athletic tournaments to take place in the cities of New York, Philadelphia and Newark.

The object is to bring together the champions of the various sports. The principal feature of each entertainment will be a foot race between John L. Sullivan and Arthur Chambers for a purse of \$100.

Both men have consented to appear, and the Gale Park, at Newark, has been engaged for Monday, September 13, when the tournament in that city will take place. The New York and Philadelphia dates have not been decided upon. James Dawson is the manager.

I learn that Secretary Brewster, well known in this city, of the Washington Park Club, Joseph Greyer, manager of the horse Hop Sing, and Harry Walker, the jockey, have been charged in Chicago with running the horse in a hurdle race when it was suffering from injuries received at previous races.

The case was brought by the Humane Society for the purpose of stopping hurdle racing in Chicago. The Justice said that hurdle racing was not necessarily cruel.

In this case however, he held that Mr. Greyer had run a horse which was crippled from birth, and which, from natural weakness and inability, was accustomed to fall in a majority of races run, thereby endangering itself and the life of the rider.

He imposed on Greyer a fine of \$25. An appeal was taken by Brewster.

Phil Dwyer says Miss Woodford is not able to race again.

At Chicago, the arrest of Thomas Redmond, alias Texas Tom, for alleged complicity in the attempt to poison Ed Corrigan's mare, Lizzie Dwyer, is liable to lead to some startling developments.

"Texas Tom" now confesses that the report of his meeting the man Charles Price at Englewood was correct, and that Price gave him \$400 to bet on Bonnette against Lizzie Dwyer. Price had obtained this money through Mamie Hunt defeating Pearl Jennings on July 17, when the latter was a very strong favorite.

It is almost certain that Pearl Jennings was drugged and thus prevented from winning. Many who saw the behavior of the mare at the post day were convinced at the time that something was wrong with the great sprinter. "Texas Tom" is still silent as to his confederate, and refuses to divulge the names of the persons who were at the back of the transaction. There is a strong suspicion directed in certain quarters, and it is more than probable that the officials are on the right scent.

When the attempt was made to poison Lady of the Lake at St. Louis, two years ago, Sam Bryant, the owner, forced "Texas Tom" to produce the bottle of poison which he had intended to give the filly. He then told Redmond that if he would give the name of the persons who employed him he would not deal harshly with him, but would do the best he could to get him off.

Redmond consented, and in the presence of Detective Browning, of St. Louis, gave the names of two bookmakers. The detective, for some reason best known to himself, told Redmond that it was of no use his giving up these names, as it would not help him in the least. Whereupon Redmond said he would take the whole statement back, and that what he had said was not true.

The names of these bookmakers are, however, known and remembered, and as one of them has been doing business during the Washington Park meeting, though he was not there the last few days, it is suspected that he may know something of the business. It is further claimed that money was sent from Chicago to St. Louis to defend Redmond when he got into the Lady of the Lake trouble, and that some Chicago gamblers are implicated in Redmond's work.

I have been officially informed that L. E. Myers will soon try his running powers against Cummings, the English champion, and, if report is true, will also sail for England at no distant date to try conclusions with Hutchings. Sooths, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, arranged the latter match for the end of September.

This story says that at the end of the racing season Myers will train for six weeks and then go to Beacon Park, Boston, where he will try to establish a series of American professional records, from 250 yards up to 1,000 yards. This should not interfere with the Cummings match, although this would throw the match with Hutchings.

This story says that at the end of the racing season

LATEST SPORTING.

Tucker, 2:19, has lost his speed.

The pacer Jewett, 2:14, has been turned out.

Miss Woodford has been stopped in her work.

Inspector B. has won the Dwyers \$38,700 this season.

Jack Conroy, the veteran pugilist, is living at Weymouth, Mass.

Ormonde is now backed for the St. Leger of Sept. 23, at 1,000 to 400 on.

The nominations for the Grand Prize of Paris for 1888, numbers 336.

The Brooklyn Jockey Club will begin its first autumn meeting on Aug. 26.

Including the Eclipse stakes, Bendigo has won \$16,123 for his owner.

The Australian cricketers have been showing up in very bad form in England.

The Memphis Jockey Club will give a grand autumn meeting, beginning Oct. 20.

Recently the famous old time trotting mare Lady Gibney, died at Hartford, Conn.

The Fall meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club will begin September 13, and last six days.

The get of Electioneer now holds the fastest record at one, two, three, and four years of age.

It required nine heats to settle the 2:21 trot at Cleveland. Eight of them were trotted better than 2:20.

James Melrose, of Albany, N. Y., defeated Thomas Duffy, of Saratoga, in a 100-yard race for \$25 recently at Albany, N. Y.

Geo. H. Smith challenges H. M. Johnson to run 150 yards for fun or \$1,000 a side. Johnson wants a match at 100 yards.

The largest stake ever offered to two-year-olds is the \$25,000 to be added to the Whitewhite plate at Manchester Eng. next spring.

Mrs. Joe Goss has received from England several handsome silver cups, which her late husband won while champion of England.

Dr. J. C. Daly threw a 56 pound weight over a tape stretched to a height of 12 feet 8 inches, at Tallamore sports in Ireland recently.

In the third and final match between the English and Australian cricketers, at London, England, on Aug. 16, the former won by an inning and 217 runs.

The fall games of the Nassau Athletic Club will take place in Washington Park, Brooklyn, Sept. 25, and those of the Brooklyn Athletic Club on Oct. 2.

Mr. Richard Roche, the noted sporting man of St. Louis, is in this city, suffering from an eye complaint that renders him partially blind. He will not return to St. Louis until recovered.

On Aug. 14, at London, Eng., Jacob Gaudaur, the American oarsman, and William Beach, the Australian sculler, signed articles to row a race on the Thames on Sept. 18 for \$1,000 a side and the championship of the world.

Dan Gallanough, of Philadelphia, offers 30 seconds start to P. A. Holt in a 3-mile scull race, or he will row P. A. Dempsey 3 miles level for \$200 or \$1,000 a side, one or both races to occur on September at the Schuykill, Philadelphia.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire stakes, to be run in England, October 12 and 25 respectively, have just closed with 85 entries in the former and 96 in the latter. Last year the Cesarewitch had 100, and the Cambridgeshire 116 entries.

The colors which the young Australian sculler, Neil Matterson, displays in his English races, consist of white silk, with blue border, and the Australian insignia, kangaroo and ostrich in the center. "Advance, Australia," being printed at the foot.

Fred Paulsen, the Danish Hercules of San Francisco, writes that he is ready to meet Charles Moth, Tom Cannon or Edwin Bibby in a Greco-Roman wrestling match for \$500 a side, and he challenges any man in America to heavy-weight lifting for \$1,000 a side.

William H. Huntley and Harry D. Corey, who started on Aug. 18, at Boston, to establish a 24-hour tricycle record, finished on the afternoon of Aug. 19 with 21 1/2 miles to their credit. The record was reduced fully fifteen miles. They stopped eight minutes short of 24 hours.

A match has been arranged to engage seven pugilists owned by W. Verrinder, Jr., of Jersey City, and W. P. Garbrants, of Newark, the race to be flown on or about Sept. 11, from Charlottesville, Va., 300 miles. The start will be separate, with an interval of 15 minutes.

Messrs. G. Wyatt, A. W. Swain and L. L. Kerr, of Demarest, and E. M. Skeete, of Barbados, four members of the West Indian cricket team, arrived in New York on the steamer Trinidad, on Aug. 19. They at once went to Montreal to join the rest of the team playing there.

The return cricket match between the Newark and New York clubs was played at Central Park, New York, on Aug. 19. The Newark won again this time by a score in the one innings game of 58 to 28. The victory for the Jerseymen was due to the fine batting of Mr. J. Owens, who hit 17, and the bowling of Mr. J. Smith, who took three wickets in one over. The highest score on the New York side was J. Storl, 9. The Newark have played fifteen matches this season, of which they have won twelve.

The following are the summaries of the 2:23, 2:25 and free-for-all trials at Utica Grand Circuit on Aug. 19:

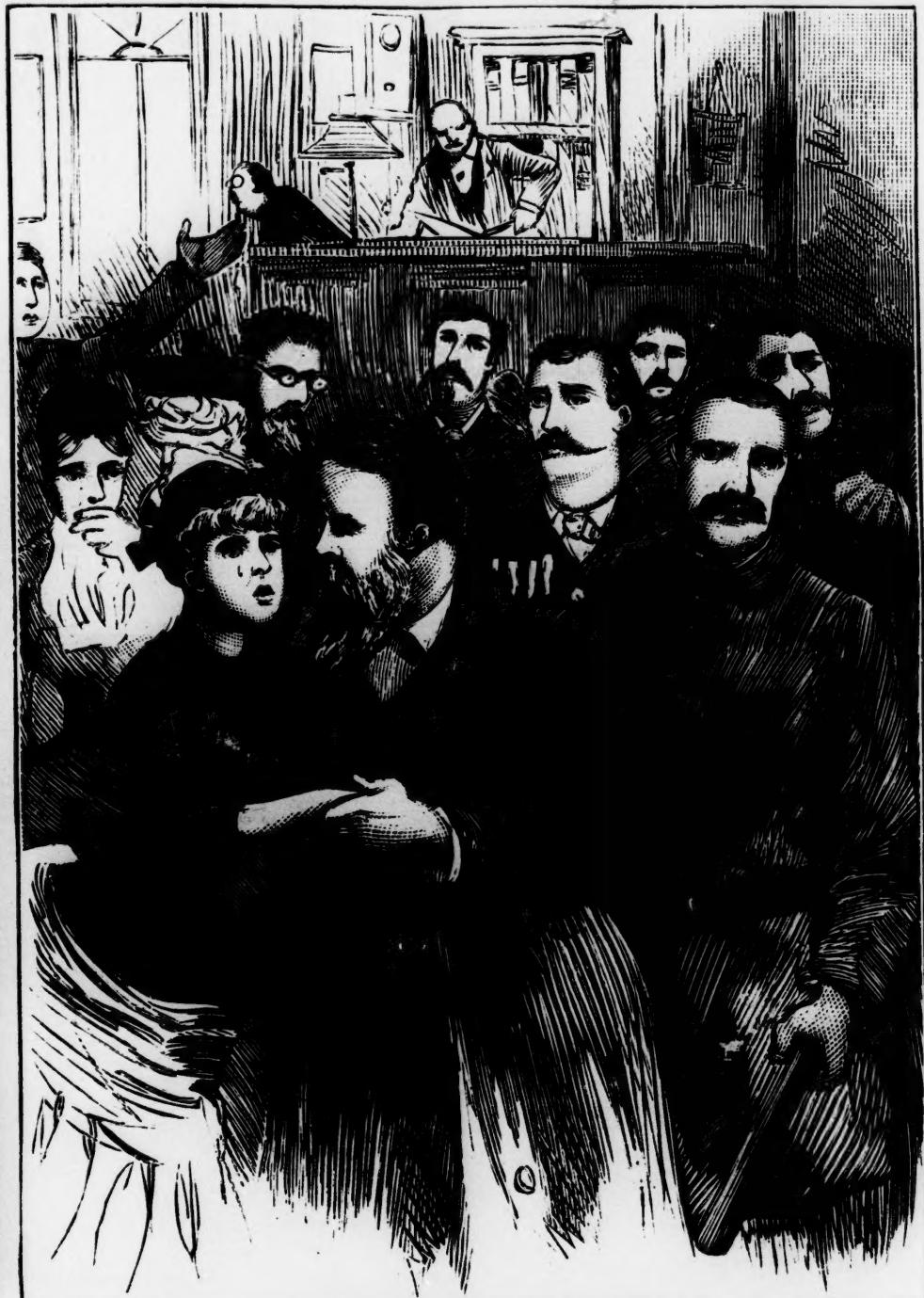
Breese Medium	4	2	2	2	1	1
Endymion	2	1	6	4	2	1
Nettle T.	1	4	3	1	3	2
William C.	3	3	3	3	3	4

Time—2:23 1/2, 2:26 1/2, 2:25, 2:26, 2:26, 2:26, 2:26.



RED COATS ON A YANKEE SCHOONER.

CAPT. QUIGLEY OF THE CANADIAN "TERROR" PLACES ARMED GUARDS ON THE AMERICAN VESSEL SHILOH, AT LIVERPOOL, NOVA SCOTIA.



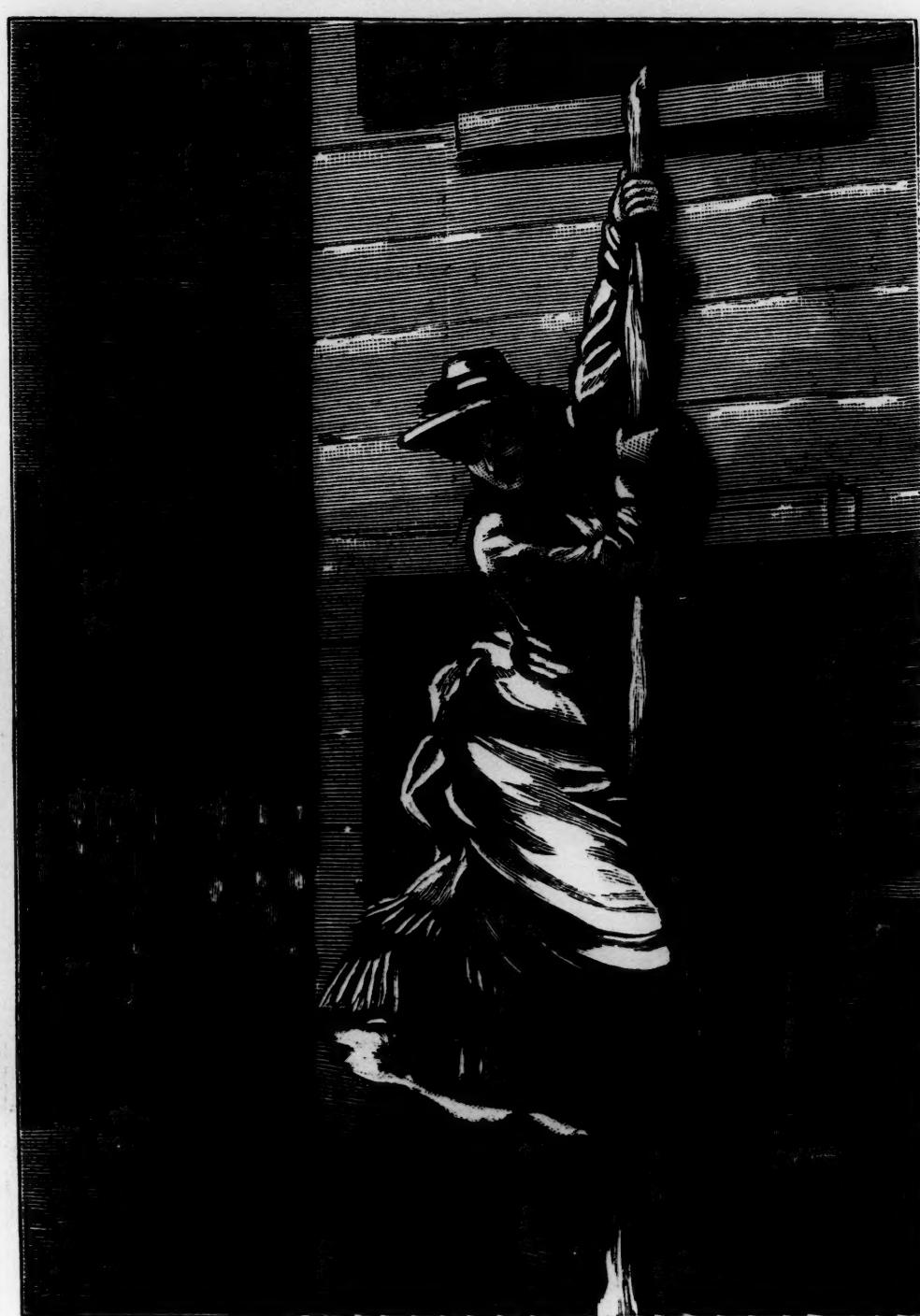
SENTENCED TO DEATH.

THE DISMAY AND AMAZEMENT OF THE CONVICTED ANARCHISTS AND THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS IN CHICAGO, ILL.



HE COULDN'T STAND THE SHOWING UP.

WM. GRAY, JR., A BOSTON MILLION-STEALER COMMITS SUICIDE ON THE TOP OF THE BLUE HILLS, MILTON, MASS.

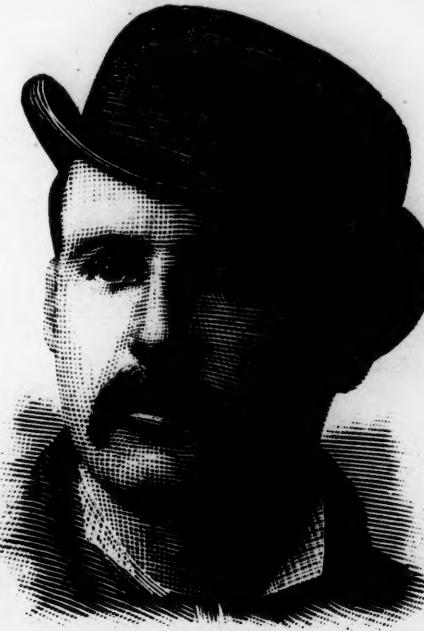


SKIPPED BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

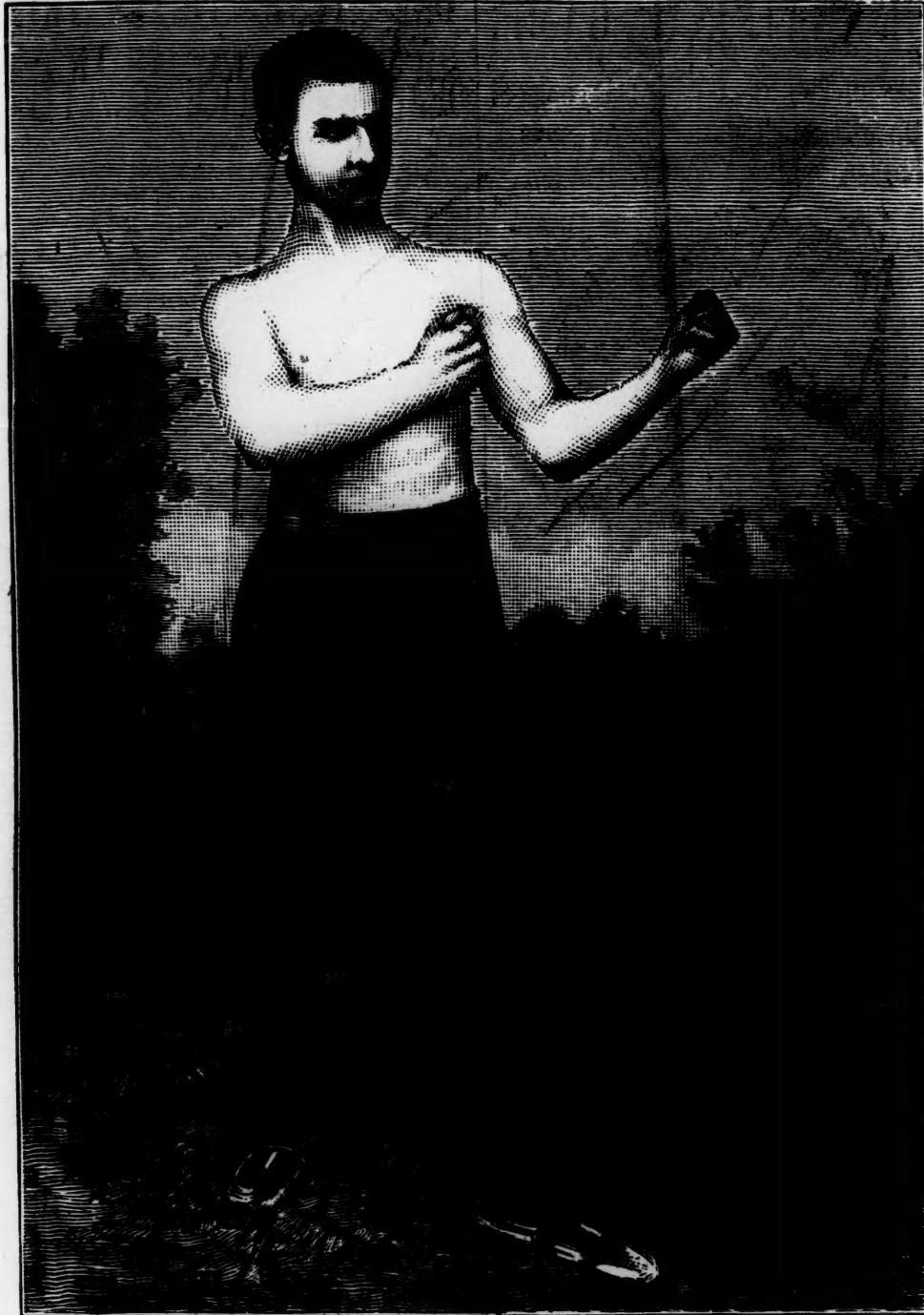
MISS KATHARINE SPAHR DOES NOT LIKE THE TREATMENT HER LOVER RECEIVED FROM HER PARENTS AND LEAVES HER HOME AT CORONA, L. I.



W. H. WAKEMAN,
THE FAMOUS SPRINT RUNNER OF NEWBURG,
NEW YORK.



WILLIAM FITZ.
A LEADING SPORTING MAN ON THE NORTH-
PACIFIC COAST, HERON, MONT.



ROBERT D. FRASER.

THE RISING AMATEUR FEATHER WEIGHT LATELY OF BROOKLYN, N. Y.



DENNIS F. BUTLER,
OF PHILADELPHIA, CHAMPION SWIMMER OF
AMERICA.

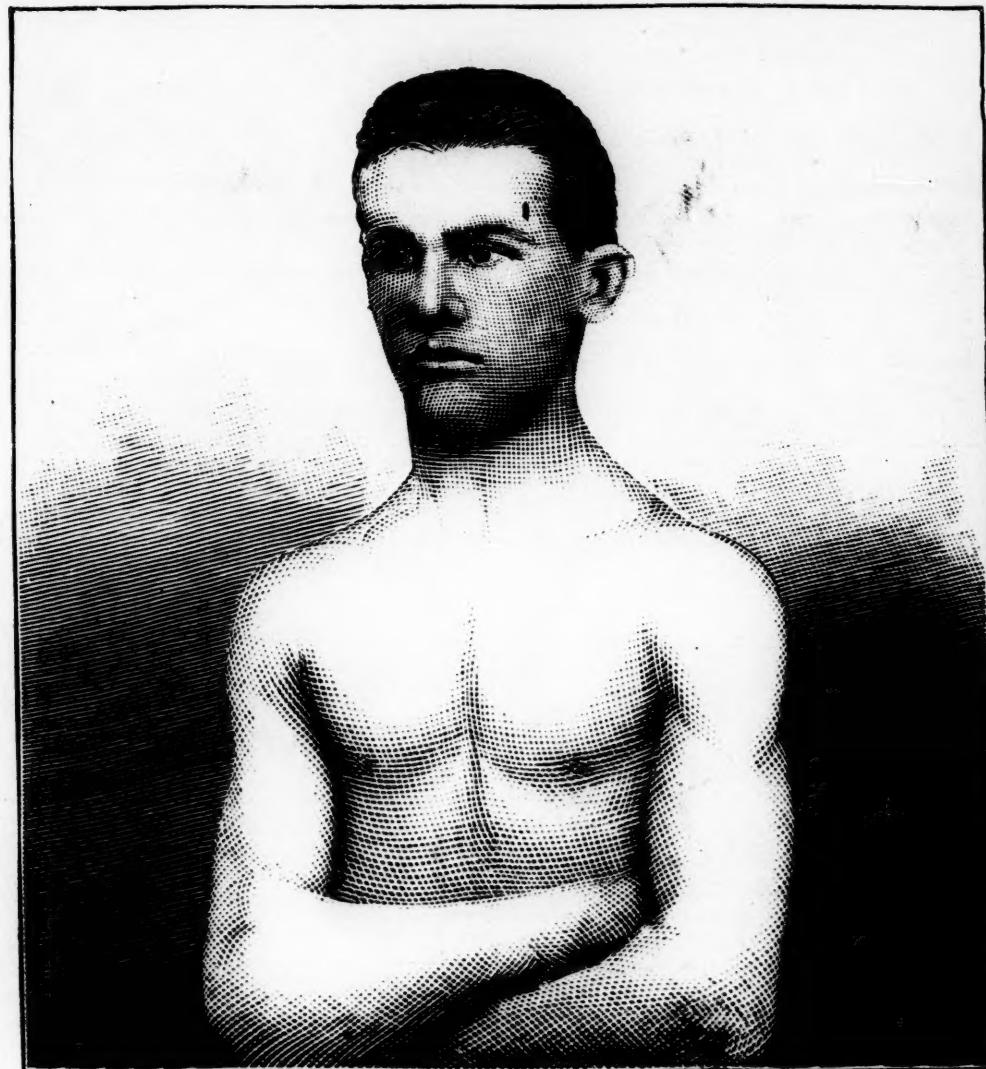


BILLY ROGERS,
THE POPULAR SPORTING MAN OF THE CHICAGO
STOCK YARDS.

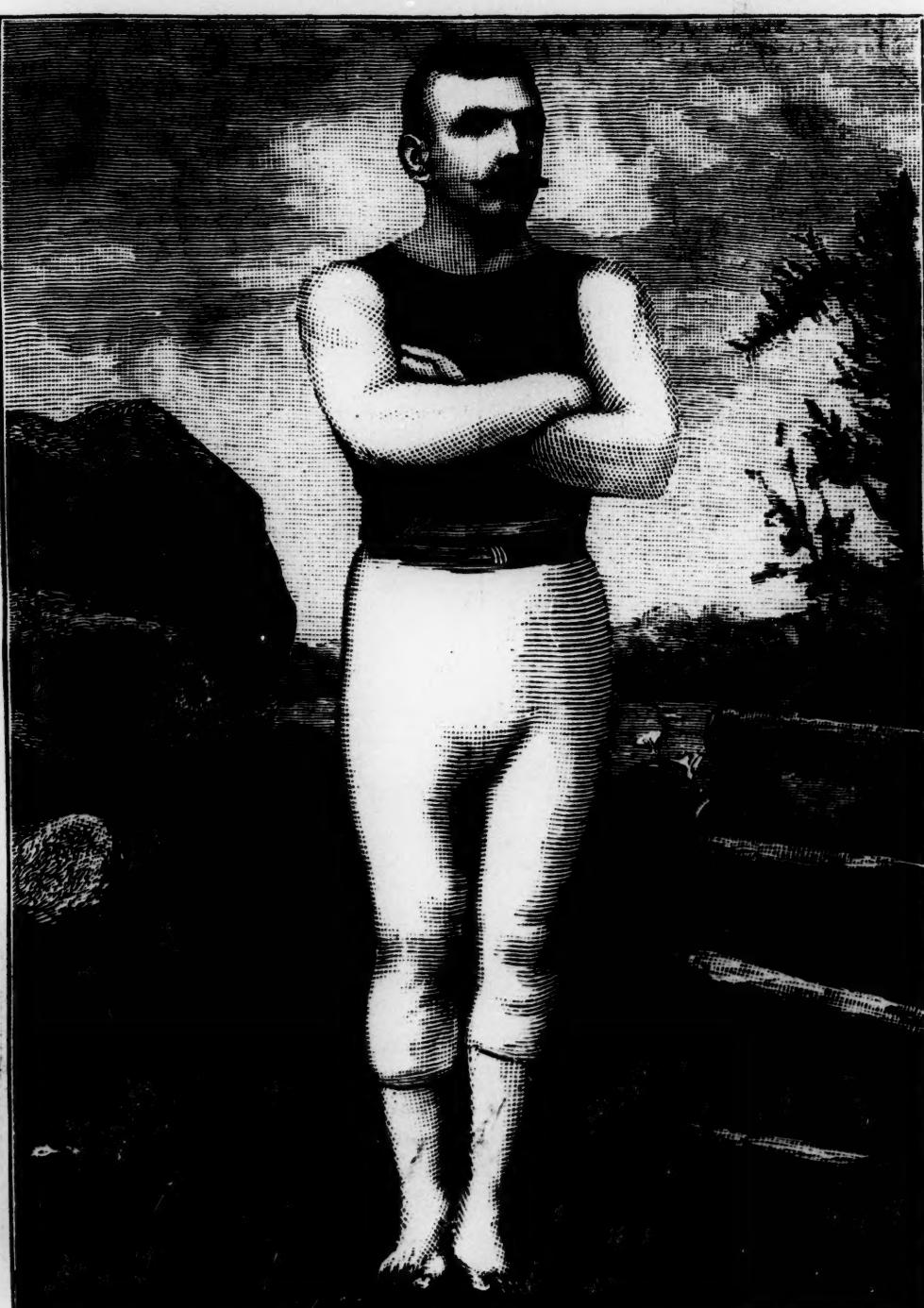
Three Persons Drowned.

Three persons were drowned in the Trinity river, near Dallas, Tex., at six o'clock the other evening in a very sad way. Mrs. Wm. Beach, wife of a well-known Missouri Pacific Railroad conductor, her son Edward, aged ten years, Miss Kate Gardner and a colored servant girl, went to the river, and the boy stripped to go in bathing, while the other members of the party seated themselves on a log on the bank. The boy could not swim, and, getting beyond his

depth, sunk. His mother at once plunged into the river to rescue him. She could swim, but was hampered by her clothing, and when she seized the boy she was unable to sustain him and sunk with him. Coming to the surface, she called to a man who had been sitting on the bank at some distance and besought his assistance. The man ran to the bank and jumped into the water, but as he could not swim he, too, sunk, and in doing so caught Mrs. Beach by the arm, and the man, woman and child went down together.



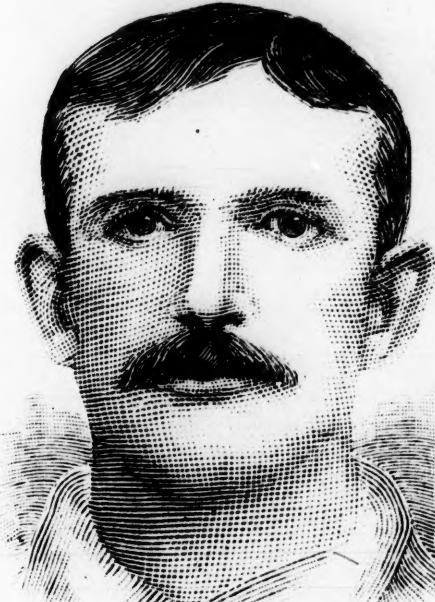
CLARENCE WHISTLER, JR.,
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, CHAMPION GRECO ROMAN WRESTLER OF THE
PACIFIC COAST.



WILLIAM JOHNSON,
THE NOTED ENGLISH SWIMMER WHO IS TO CONTEST THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF
AMERICA WITH BUTLER.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



C. E. Swartwood.

Whose portrait is given this week is twenty-six years old, was born in Cleveland, O. He began playing ball about nine years ago with local amateur organizations, and soon attained quite a reputation as a batsman, being even then a remarkably hard hitter. His first professional engagement was with the Detroit Club in 1879, when he ranked third in batting. Gross leading in that respect. He was next engaged with the club which represented Akron, O., in 1881, and included in its ranks Mullane, Wise, McPhee, Maskrey and Kemmler, who have all become well known as professionals. The Akron team secured several noteworthy victories over League Clubs, and also figured prominently in the game with the Eclipse Club, of Louisville, Ky., June 26, 1881—the most remarkable and prolonged contest of that season. Darkness caused a cessation of play after nineteen innings had been completed, with the score still standing tied. Swartwood accepted all of the seven difficult chances offered him at right-field in this game, and was also credited with two safe hits, one of which in the last half of the eighteenth inning the most critical point in the contest was reached. Swartwood, who was on second base, attempted to score on a hard hit by Mullane, but was cut off at the home plate by a wonderful throw by Pfeiffer from the extreme outfield. During the seasons of 1881 and 1882, Swartwood played with the Allegheny Club, and proved himself to be the best batter even of that team of hard hitters. The official averages show that he ranked third in batting of the sixty-eight players who took part in American Association Championship Games in 1882. In 1883 he hit harder and safer than ever before, and occupied the leading position in the batting averages, but ranks second to none as a batter. The past two seasons he has been with the Brooklyns.

Shaw is no scribe at twirling the ball, even if he is not acquainted with the stick.

If Gaffney makes as good a manager as he did an umpire, he will prove a corker.

Crane of the Washingtons is a long-distance thrower. This is given out to prevent any one supposing that he is a fielder.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Dally, of the Bostonians made a two base hit recently, the first of his life, and that night the beacon light made its appearance in the old church tower.

It is getting down to hard lines when the betting men are staking their hoochie to 10 to 1 that the Washington Club will not win twenty games this season.

It is claimed that Vadeboncoeur has gone to St. Paul. That is all right, but when the reporters out there get to writing his name quick, they will wish he had gone to b—.

Wiman has a restaurant on the Staten Island grounds, Valentine knows where it is. It just cost him \$4.80 for a lunch for himself and wife recently. The ball players are on to the place.—*Exchange*.

Oh! how reluctantly Hewett must have accepted Mike Scanlon's resignation. It sounds well to read it in print, but you can bet your bottom dollar that Hewett never saw a happier day than when Mike took a drop on himself and got out of the business.

Fog-horn Bradley made his first appearance in this city as an official umpire. He has a voice that can be heard for three miles on a still day, and his decisions are good.—*Baltimore Herald*. Wait till Brooklyns play with Bradley as umpire.—*Exchange*.

CURE FOR THE DEAF. PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. Hiscox, 883 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS. Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

ONE TEST TRIAL TRIP

IN THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS

OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE"

will convince the most skeptical advertiser in the country that as a salesman, commanding trade from the shores of Maine to the Gulf of Mexico, it is the cheapest, the most effective and the most energetic agent on the road.

Independent of this, it also possesses a very large European sale, and having an unrivaled purchasing interest for the reading and picture fancying peoples of Australia, Africa, India and all other English-speaking folks. Its newsy advertising matter, display or demure, is probably more thoroughly absorbed and digested and more prolific of orders than that of any publication of any kind the world over!!!

At least we have good cause to think so, if the gratuitous contributions of our patrons, as partially expressed in the following

OPINIONS,

carry as much weight with strangers to our columns as they do with us.

OFFICE SAN MATEO MEDICINE CO.,

St. Louis, Aug. 21, 1886.

From our ad in your paper we are almost daily in receipt of letters from all countries, among those to hand this week we enclose envelope containing letter from South Africa! Please return same.

SAN MATEO MED. CO.

OFFICE OF THE IMPORTING CO.

Oswego, N. Y., March 30, 1886.

P. O. Box 1294.

An illustration of the value of an advertisement in a paper of almost unlimited circulation, we send you a few vouchers in the shape of envelopes, to our address, in answer to our advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE. We regret we cannot send you all, as we have given so many away to stamp collectors. What we send you are from South Africa, Demarara, British Guiana, New Zealand, Queensland, Java, China, British Columbia, Mexico, St. Thomas, Barbados, Honolulu (Hawaii), England, Wales, and all the British Provinces, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, etc. Nearly every mail brings us foreign orders.

THE IMPORTING CO.

MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY,

SALEM, MASS., April 9, 1886.

We find the GAZETTE pays top ton.

P. L. CALLAHAN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,

April 17, 1886.

* * * Our 10-line "ad" is giving splendid returns—is far ahead of any other top papers combined.

SAN MATEO MEDICAL CO.

OFFICE OF KANSAS DETECTIVE BUREAU.

WICHITA, Kan., May 10, 1886.

Your advertising medium is the best I have tried. Run inclosed two weeks. Find herewith draft on N. Y. to pay for same.

D. STINSON,

President.

PITTSFIELD, III.

June 12th, 1886.

Our advt. in your paper has paid us 300 per cent. We are well pleased with the GAZETTE as an advertising medium. Respectfully,

T. H. SHASTID,

President Rapid Remedy Co.

AN ADVERTISER'S DELUXE.

Office of J. G. STAUFFER,

PALMYRA, PA., Oct. 24, 1885.

Would you kindly stop my advertisement till after the holidays, for the reason I am fairly deluged with applications and am not well enough to attend the same, and consequently I am at a loss. At least stop my card for a time. Truly yours, J. G. STAUFFER.

CARROLLTON, MO., June 20, 1886.

My former advertisement in the POLICE GAZETTE has paid better than any paper I ever used before. I herein inclose money and copy of second advertisement.

E. E. MCLEFRESH,

Dealer in Agents' Fast-Selling Books.

SALEM, MASS., June 21, 1886.

We find the POLICE GAZETTE the best advertising medium we ever used, having paid us over 500 per cent. on money invested. We can truly say we receive 30 orders from POLICE GAZETTE to 1 from other papers that charged us \$2 a line.

Manuf'ts Agency, P. L. CALLAHAN.

EASTON, PA., July 1, 1886.

Your paper is the best ad. medium we have, and we have thirty-two here and abroad. It has greatly increased our list of regular customers, so we want it continued indefinitely.

FRENCH IMPORTING CO.

MAHLER BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of Ladies' Underwear, 505 Sixth Ave.,

NEW YORK, July 2, 1886.

Enclosed we hand you check for last month's "ad," in P. G., and at the same time allow us to again express our opinion concerning it as an advertising medium.

During the past two months we have tried several other papers who "brag" about the large circulation of their respective papers. All of them state they have double the circulation of yours, yet we have received two letters from your "ad," to one in all the others. We really don't understand it.

Though the best proof of the worth of your "ad," is that we keep it running the year round, whereas we drop the other papers.

MAHLER BROS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Advertisers preparing a list for fall trade are earnestly invited to place the "Police Gazette" upon it, it will not only prove one of the most profitable investments, but will return, in proportion to money invested, double the amount of any mediums you can select costing the same price, either individually or collectively.

Send on your copy, which will be set up, proof furnished and estimate supplied by return of mail. Address

RICHARD K. FOX,

Box 40,

New York City.

TO READERS.

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